SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

# TRUE FRONTIER

FACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

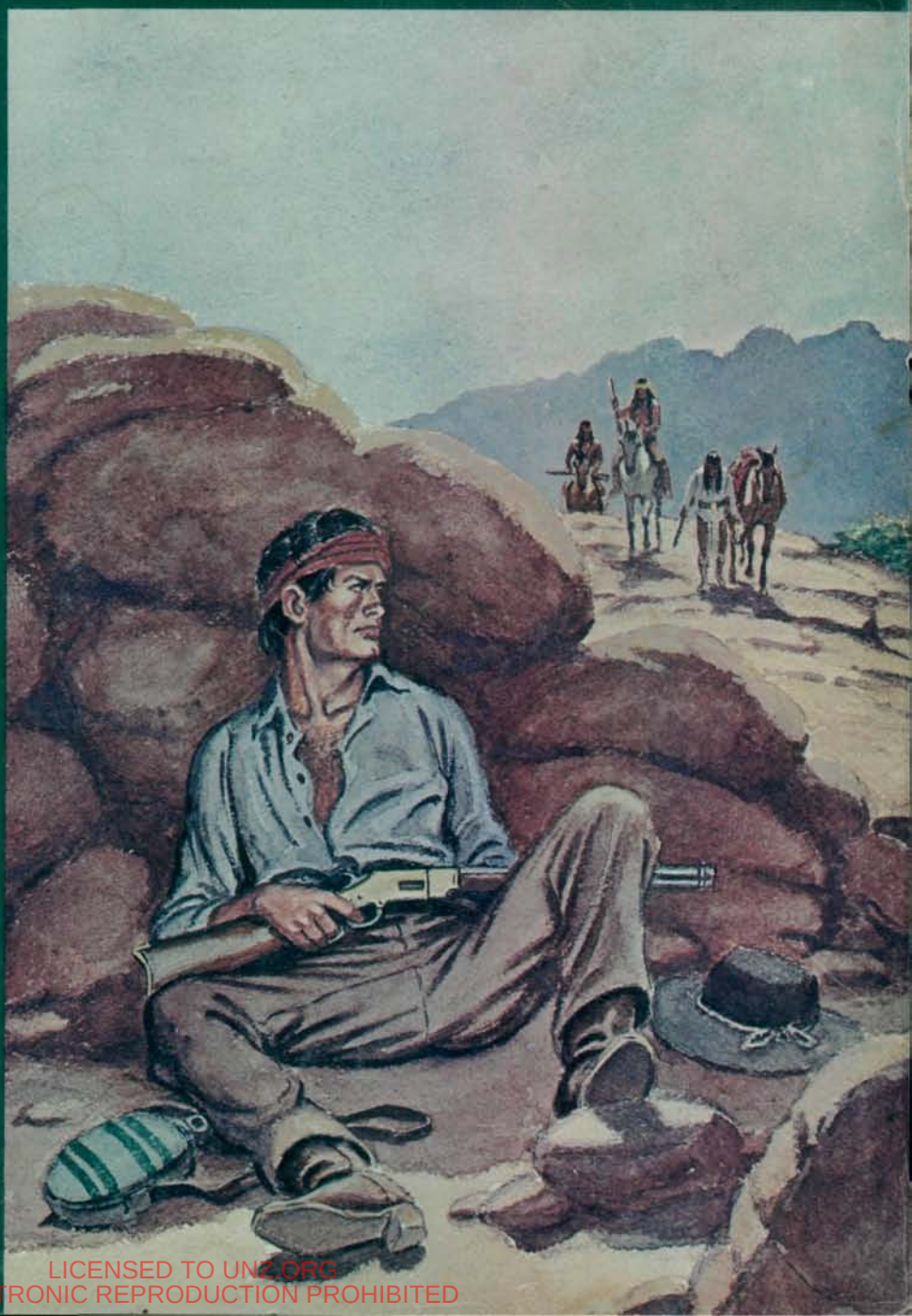
## WHO SLEEPS IN BILLY THE KID'S TOMB?

APRIL $1.00 PDC 58853-4

## THE OREGON MISSIONARY MASSACRE

## THE CHRISTMAS RIDE OF PORTUGEE PHILLIPS

## REVENGE OF THE APACHE KID



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# I'll guide you into your own

## ● While keeping your you like to gross $14 or

*a true story*

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence . . . and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that **now** was the time to make the forward step . . . there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, con-

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# step by step thriving business

## present job, would $21 profit per hour?

*by Bob Ferrel*

ventions and dealer group meetings.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success.

### It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of $14 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. **We show you how . . .** step by step. That's $490 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is $21 per hour. An efficient Duraclean dealer can gross $7 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $12 an hour on any service he himself renders. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes **clear net profit.** Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 7 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of National Magazine editors, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

### Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service.

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **6 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Only $1985 starts you in YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

**Mail this coupon TODAY**
**It may put you in business**

**Duraclean International**
7-98D **Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015**

**With no obligation,** mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security **while still employed,** how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____



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Dear Editor:

Who's your favorite character from the Old West? Mine is Wild Bill Hickcock. I'd like to see more stories about him.

John Ambrose
Des Moines, Iowa

**We really don't think of any of the people who were prominent in the history of the West as "characters." So many books and stories and movies and TV shows have been built around certain famous personages, Wild Bill Hickcock among them, that far too often they have assumed the proportions of stage characters rather than real people — which they were. This often leads to distorted pictures of what they were like, how they lived, and what their roles were in the settling of the Western frontier. We have no favorites, as such. All the people who took part in this aspect of American history are important — whether they later became famous in fact and legend, or were just ordinary settlers, cattle drovers, Indians, or outlaws. This is the attitude and the philosophy we like to bring to our selection of material for our readers, and we hope we have succeeded. Incidentally, we do plan more articles on Wild Bill Hickcock, and also a cover portrait of him for future issues.**

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me where I can find some genuine authentic pictures of **real** people who lived back in the times when cowboys rode horses and not pickup trucks, and when Indians didn't live on reservations, and when men could carry guns and wear them without permits? In other words, I don't just want to read about these people, I want to see real pictures (photographs) of what they really looked like. I know you publish pictures like this in your magazine, but I want to see the original photos for myself. Can you help me?

R.D. Ball
San Antonio, Texas

**Don't know if we can help you get to see the *original* photographs. Many of them are in historical collections not generally open to public viewing. But you can use the same research techniques our writers use, if you wish. As you'll note, each article in every issue carries credit lines indicating the source of the photographs and illustrations. Using these credit lines as a guide, you can contact the various historical societies and libraries involved and request copies of photographs from them. You'll have to be specific, of course, stating what you'd like to see. Catalogs of available photographs may be available in some cases; in others, you may have to make a personal visit to look over the collection. Your local library will also be a source of much information in this respect. It will require a lot of patience and much work, but it should be well worth the effort.**

Dear Editor:

I've been reading TRUE FRONTIER for many years now (I even read and have copies of your old sister magazine, REAL FRONTIER). I'm in college now and have my subscription copies sent to me here. At first, when some of my friends saw the magazine, they made a few caustic remarks about my mental level for reading a magazine like this. But, when a few of them picked up some of my copies and started leafing through them and then reading them — well, the comments were a lot different. The stories and articles are not only enjoyable and interesting, they found, but historically accurate and important, as well. I've used some of the material in my American History course, and it's been a big help. Just wanted to say thanks — and keep up the good work.

Ed Cooper
Baltimore, Maryland

**Thanks for the kind words, Ed. It may interest you to know that not only is TRUE FRONTIER popular at colleges all over the country, but many of our writers are college teachers, and some are also students at universities.**

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# TRUE FRONTIER

FACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

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# THE OREGON MISSIONARY MASSACRE

**The well-meaning Reverend just didn't know how to deal with the Indians — and it cost him and his wife their lives**

by George Malsbary

If they fully understood the privations and perils that lay ahead in the wilds of Oregon, it is doubtful if the Whitman-Spalding party of missionaries would ever have left St. Louis. The first mishap occurred right at the start of their journey to the land of the Flathead Indians on March 31, 1836.

The Presbyterian missionaries, Dr. Marcus Whitman, his newly-wedded wife Narcissa, another couple, the Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding, plus two single men, arrived at St. Louis to find that the American Fur Company caravan had already departed. The hardy traders, headed for a rendezvous of fur trappers on the Green River had gone ahead without the missionaries.

Dr. Whitman, tall and handsome, with a combination of sternness and understanding in his dark eyes and square jaws, was the leader of the party.

After the rendezvous, Whitman returned to the "States" to enlist more people with religious zeal. Whitman had selected this group to accompany him on his return trip. The fact that the Rev. Spalding was an old schoolmate and rejected suitor of Narcissa, and that Spalding's wife was sickly, did not bode well for the trip, but Dr. Whitman ordered the party to proceed, escort or no escort. "With God's help, we shall overtake the traders, and shall gain safe conduct through hostile Indian country," he prophesied optimistically. So the party, gathering their little train of horses and mules hitched to a single wagon, immediately started north, paralleling the Missouri River along what would later come to be known as the "Oregon Trail." Moving with amazing



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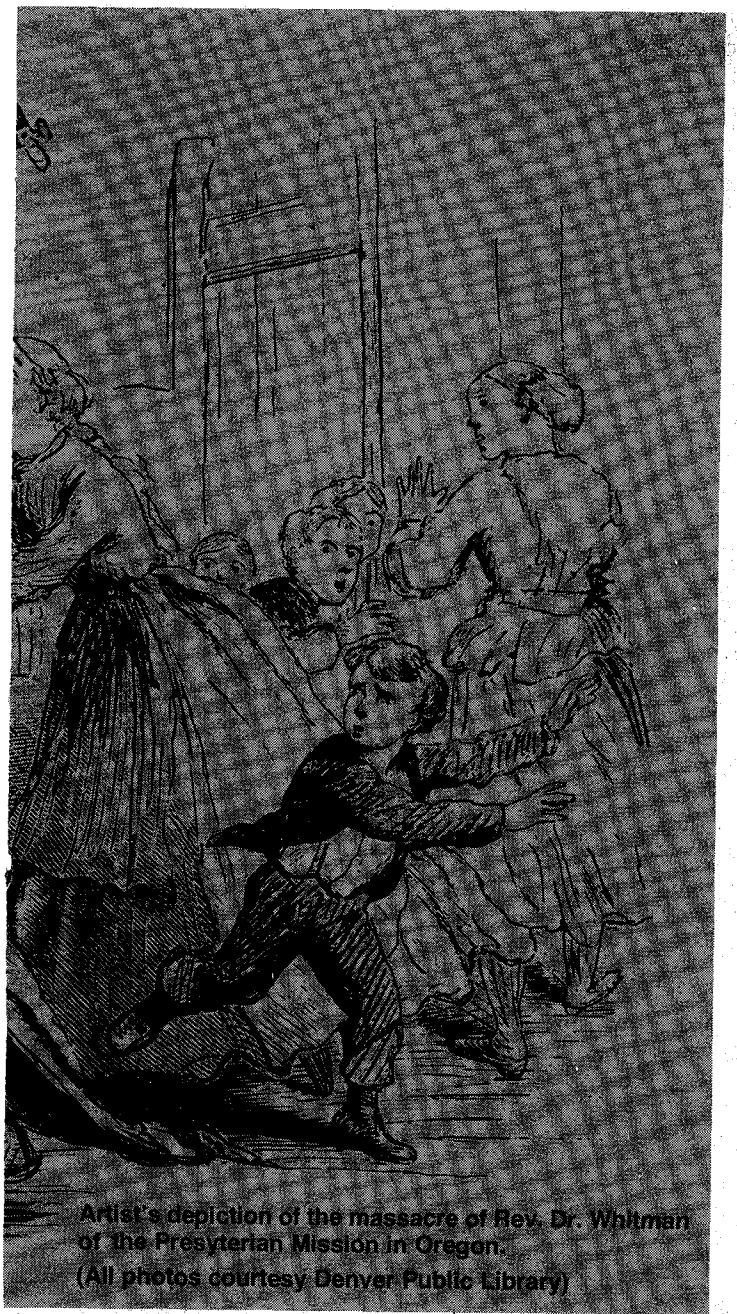

Artist's depiction of the massacre of Rev. Dr. Whitman of the Presyterian Mission in Oregon.
(All photos courtesy Denver Public Library)

speed through the virgin country, they soon overtook the slower caravan, with its wagons and oxen, mules, and cattle. The traders were surprised, but welcomed them, and they turned west along the Platte River toward the South Pass, Fort Bridger, and Fort Hall.

In 1821 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions first considered Oregon, but what started the movement was a visit of three Nez Perces and one Flathead from the Northwest in October 1831. They came to St. Louis merely out of curiosity about how the white man lived, staying at the home of General William Clark, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Wide publicity was given this visit to America by the "heathen savages" from Oregon country, and the Christian Advocate and Journal misinterpreted their arrival as an earnest plea for the white man to "show them the path to Heaven." The four Indians returned to their homeland, little dreaming that a religious crusade had been initiated.

Contributions for this "worthy cause of saving the savages" were sent to the Christian Advocate. A young minister, the Canadian-born Jason Lee, was appointed as leader of the mission. Jason left at once for Cambridge, where he met Nathaniel Wyeth, a New England businessman, and discussed plans for the mission. Wyeth agreed to ship the supplies in his vessel.

In the company of experienced traders and their caravan, they made the trip successfully, and met Dr. John Mcloughlin, in charge of the Hudson's Bay headquarters at Vancouver. Jason quickly resolved that he would not set up the mission among the Flathead Indians — they were too close to the raiding Blackfeet. The far-sighted factor of Vancouver suggested the Willamette Valley south of the Columbia, where it would not interfere with the British trade, and would be relatively safe from hostile Indians (and would also be dependent upon Hudson's Bay for supplies). Jason agreed, and the mission was soon established.

Although Lee's talents as a missionary were negligible, he proved that he was one of the best colonizers in the Northwest. His mission attracted few converts, but dozens of retired trappers and mountain men, some British, some French-Canadian or American, soon formed a small colony there. The log houses and chapel were in a grove of fir and oak on the east bank of the Willamette River.

The news of the Methodist missions attracted the attention of other denominations. The Presbyterians were the first, and through the Reverend Samuel Parker a mission was organized.

Thus the physician Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife Narcissa, and the other couple now found themselves, in the spring of 1836, at Fort Vancouver on the north bank of the Columbia. They had made their way through hostile Indian country, where many an experienced trapper had lost his scalp. No incidents had occurred, thanks to the size of the caravan.

Characteristically, the giant Mcloughlin, his white hair blowing in the breeze and a broad grin brightening his full-bearded face, towered among his men, cheerfully waving his cane as they approached the fort. This was September 12, 1836, and the party was happy indeed to be ushered into the warm, spacious quarters of this undisputed leader of the British trappers. *(Continued on page 42)*



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Rugged formations (borate beds) in Death Valley, a bad place for a walk.

**Death sizzled out of the desert... and would have devoured the wagon party completely if it had not been for the heroic journey of two men.**

# DISASTER IN

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# DEATH VALLEY

by Ed Earl Repp

Wagon Master Jefferson Hunt glowered into the anxious, whang-leather face of Asa Bennett as if he were taking him apart, a little at a time. His lean, square jaw jutted out like the prow of a Boston windjammer rounding Cape Horn with a bone in her teeth. He clenched a ham-like fist, gnarled and calloused and burned almost black by many months of laborious toil crossing the sun-baked plains to what is now Provo, Utah.

"I'm tellin' you, Asa Bennett," the fist smashed down into the palm of his left hand with the sound of a pistol shot. "I'll go to hell for you—and all the rest of this here party, but not through Death Valley!"

His scowling, squinting eyes swung in a half-circle to the two hundred odd faces

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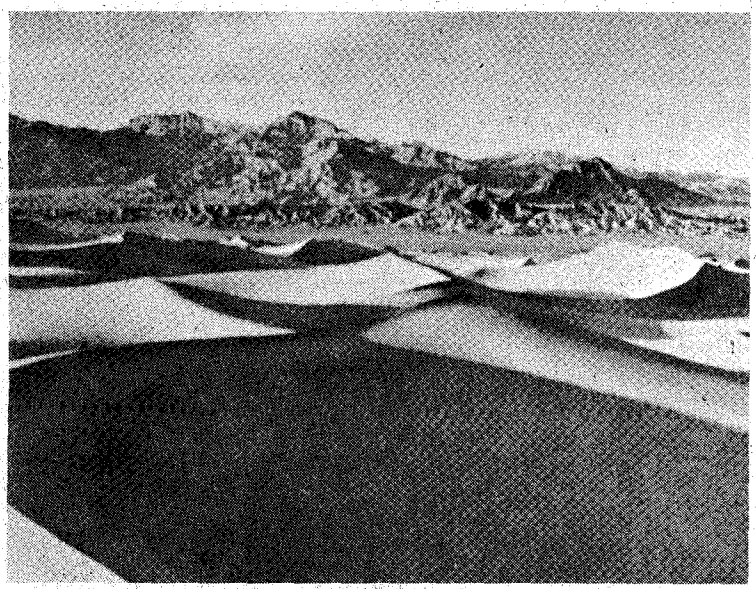
surrounding him and their leader, Asa Bennett. Many expressed agreement. Others were filled with concern. Yet others revealed a complete lack of anything but a dedicated '49er's aberrated craving for California gold. From among this group stepped the tall, gangly, almost cadaverous Luke Fish.

"But Death Valley way is a short cut, Jeff!" he stood in front of the burly wagon master. "Didn't that yawhoo headin' east say so?"

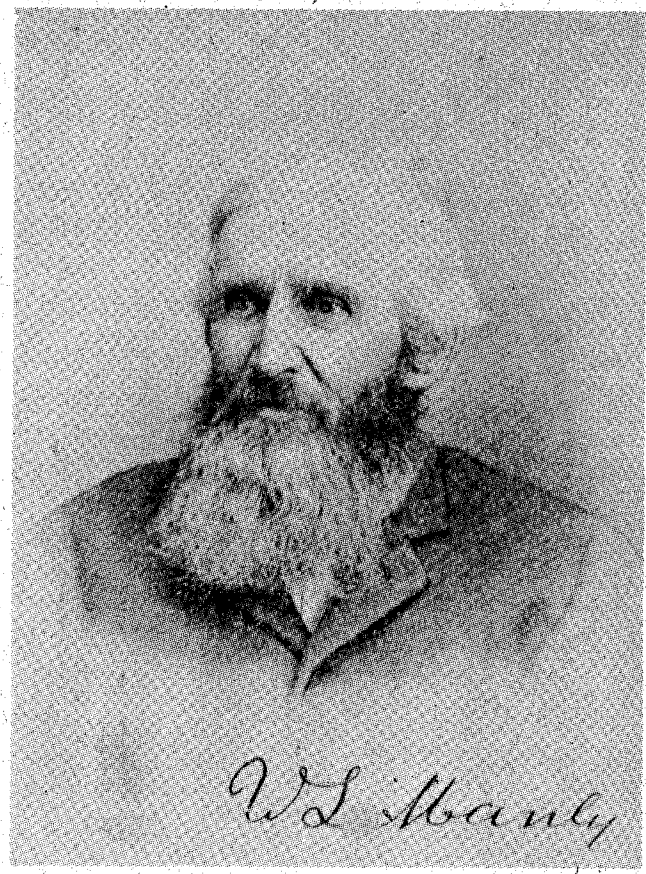
"That yawhoo headin' east was a fool!" Captain Hunt rapped out. "I take it he was one jump ahead of a California hang noose!"

"That final, Jeff?" There was a hint of pleading, desperation in Bennett's voice.

**They ate the flesh of the oxen and drank the blood.** (Paul Nyeland, Courtesy Harold's Club, Reno)



**Death Valley near Stovepipe Wells.** (Union Pacific Railroad)



**William L. Manly, years later.** Bancroft Library)

"Final as a man six feet underground, Asa!" Hunt said flatly. "Take my advice and cut around north of Death Valley. Lose a few weeks 'stead of your life, Asa."

"Looks to me you're kinda long 'on wind and short on guts, Jeff," snapped Fish. "Me'n my friends are in a hurry to hit them Californy gold fields afore they peter out. Ain't you, Asa? And you, Haynes—Gulliver—Smith an' the hull passel of you?"

A hundred voices gave assent from grumbles to eager shouts. Asa stroked the graying stubble on his leathery chin. Those agreeing with Fish were members of his train from Illinois. He glanced at length and quizzically at his friend and partner, J.B. Arcane, with whom he had organized the train.

"What say you, John?" he asked tersely.

Arcane shrugged a pair of massive shoulders muscled by years of field plowing. A man of few words, he said nothing. Bennett assumed the shrug meant assent. He turned back to Jeff Hunt.

"It's your move, Jeff." he said simply. "We go through Death Valley."

No more was said. The Bennet-Arcane train pulled out, a hundred wagons strong,



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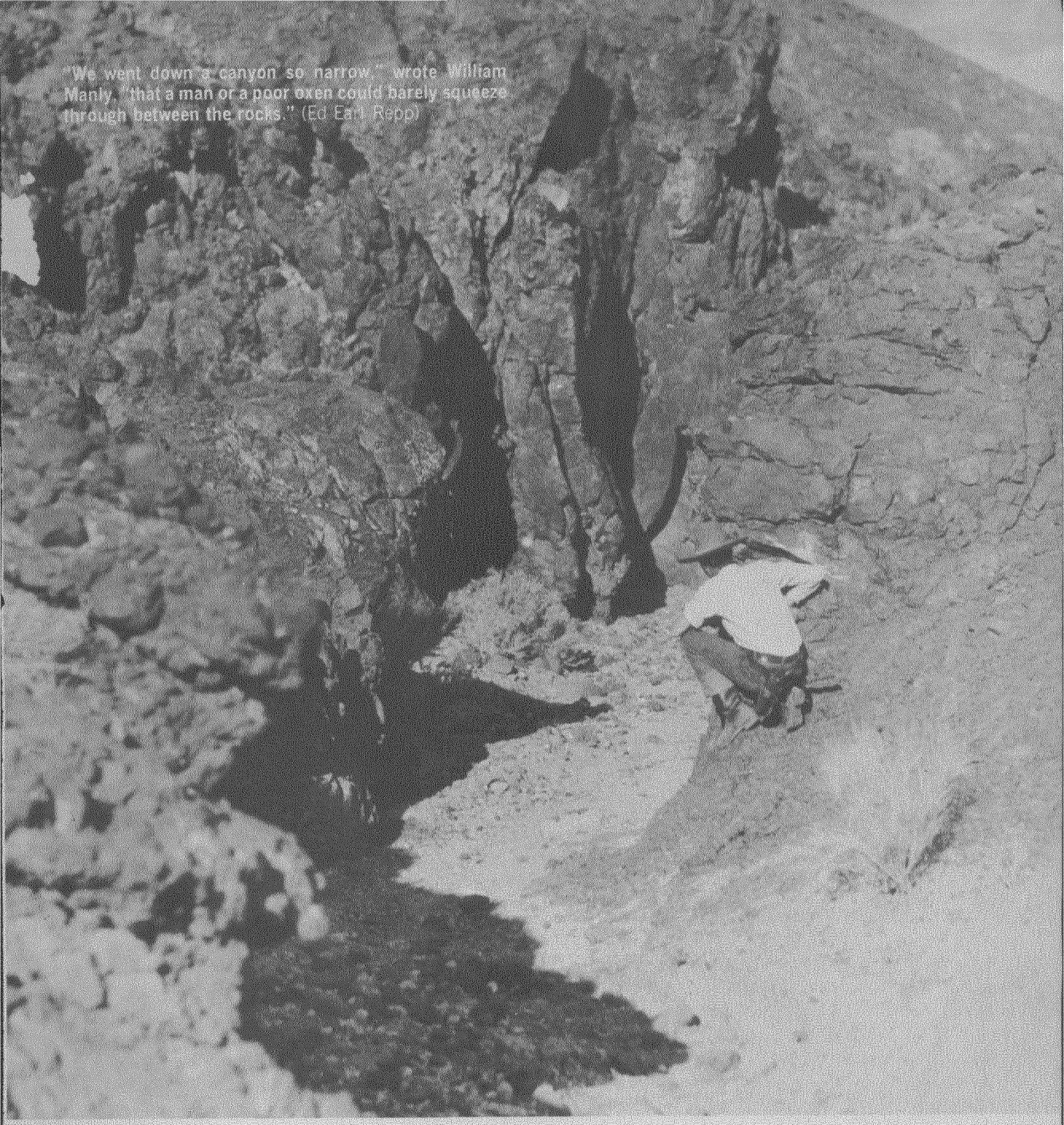

"We went down a canyon so narrow," wrote William Manly, "that a man or a poor oxen could barely squeeze through between the rocks." (Ed Earl Repp)

all with them eager to meet and overcome the challenge. Jeff Hunt's group headed north by northwest and was gone in a cloud of alkali dust.

Another group, all young and hardy, called the Jayhawkers, under the leadership of William Lewis Manly and his friend, John Rogers, hesitated. A stalwart from Tennessee, Rogers stepped to Manly's side and studied the tall, rawboned Vermonter's face.

"Which way, Will?" Rogers queried.

Manly said nothing for a moment, then replied: "We'll camp here and sleep on it."

Neither man had been west before now. Nor had any of the others in their train of 27 wagons. They circled up around a small spring of brackish water, saline-tainted. The Jayhawkers dug in for the night.

Characteristically the Vermonter found seclusion for the

*(Continued on page 63)*

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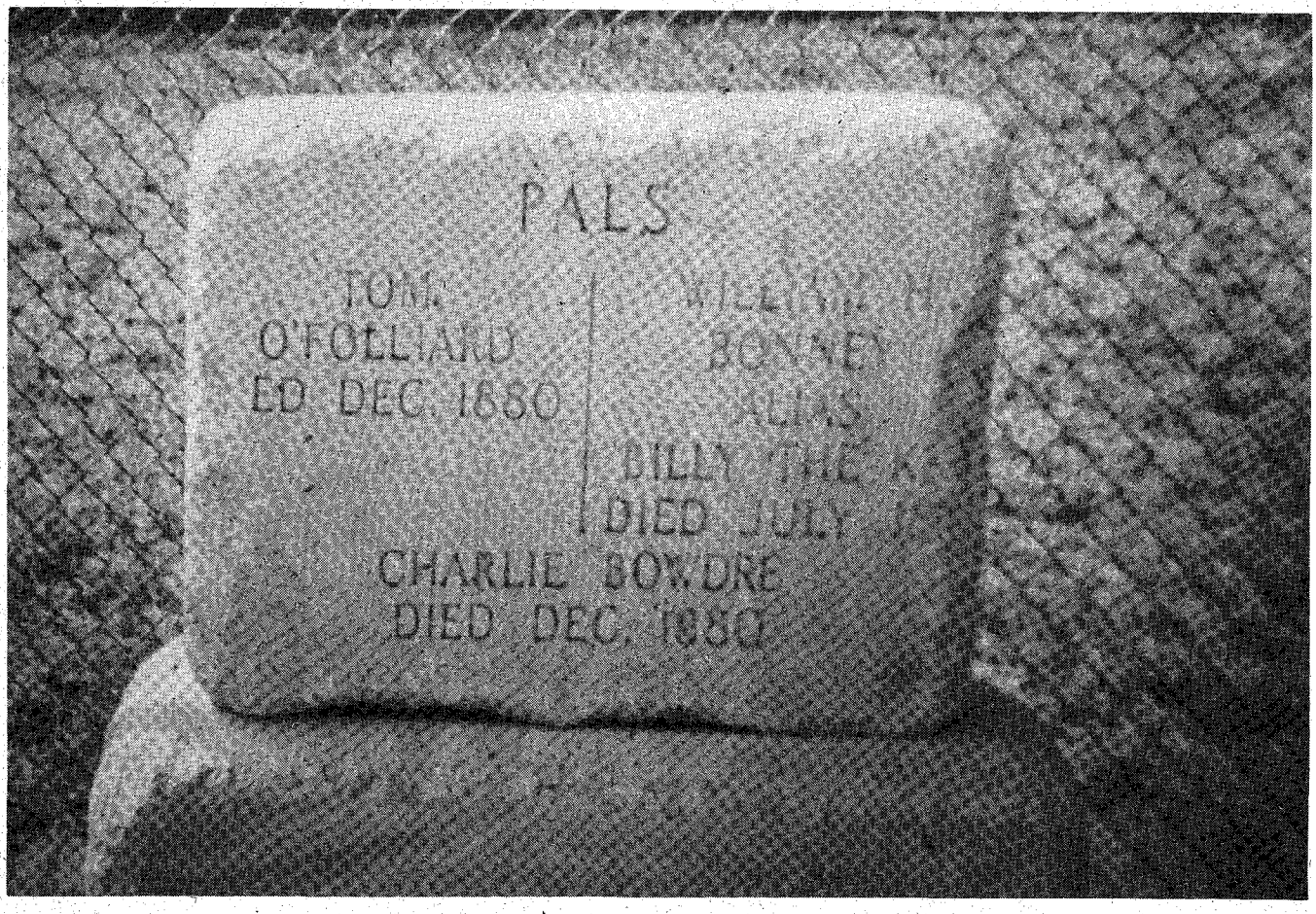
# WHO SLEEPS IN BIG




Tombstone of Billy the Kid and "Pals" in Fort Sumner's cemetery. (Courtesy Ray McCright.)

## Was it really Billy the Kid that Sheriff Pat Garrett shot?

Does William H. Bonney truly rest beneath the concrete headstone that bears his name in Fort Sumner's old military graveyard? Was he ever even interred there? Is there nothing below the tombstone except hard packed caliche or does the gravesite contain the bones of a long lost and forgotten soldier who met death while serving at the fort?

The controversy started at the crack of Sheriff Pat Garrett's .44-40 Frontier Colt near midnight on July 14, 1881. At that moment, William Bonney (alias Henry McCarthy, alias Billy the Kid) fell dead in the darkness of Pete Maxwell's bedroom. The instant of death brought the birth of legend.

Garrett had tracked Billy since the famous jail break at Lincoln three months before. Billy had been tried and sentenced to hang for the shooting death of an earlier sheriff, Wiliam Brady, but no rope was to burn the neck of the youthful outlaw. While awaiting the appointed day of execution, the Kid escaped killing his two guards, J.W. Bell and Robert Olinger. Had he run, Billy might have avoided Garrett's slug, but he elected to remain on his homefield and the result was inevitable.

Garrett and two deputies, John Poe and "Tip" McKinney, had been keeping watch on the sleepy little town of Fort Sumner for days. The natives were friendly to the Kid, who was known to frequent the village, and it was rumored that he found at least one woman's charms irresistible.

After eyeing the settlement all evening from a peach orchard, Garrett and his deputies crept to Pete Maxwell's home. The two undersheriffs stepped back into the porch shadows while Garrett entered the bedroom to question Maxwell of the Kid's whereabouts.

About that time, a bareheaded and bootless fig-



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# THE KID'S TOMB?

by Grady E. McCright

ure walked briskly up to the house. Bounding to the porch, the man noticed the officers and drawing his revolver, sprang into the room. Speaking to Maxwell, the stranger asked *"Quien Es"* (Who is it). As he repeated the words, two shots shattered the stillness of the night.

Poe and McKinney had allowed the stranger to pass since neither had ever laid eyes on the Kid; nevertheless, the sheriff recognized the voice and fired twice before rushing from the room. Only the first round took effect, the second went wild as Garrett ran out.

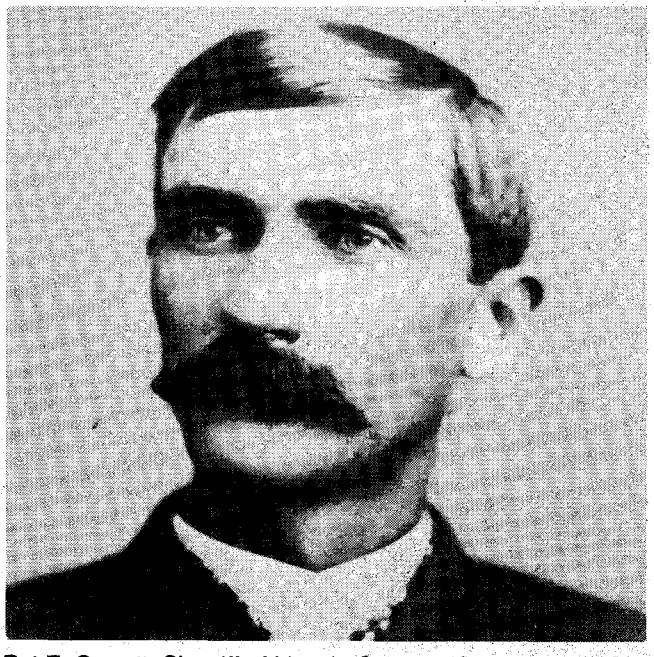
Cautiously reentering the room, the party found a body with a double-action pistol in one hand and a butcher knife in the other. The sheriff's ball had lodged near the heart and the desperado had died as he slumped to the floor.

The following morning, the body was laid to rest in the cemetery between two of Billy's peers, Charles Bowdre and Tom O'Folliard, both killed by Garrett in the line of duty. The grave was marked with a small wooden headboard.

Was the body that of Bonney? Almost as the last shovel of dirt covered the rough wooden coffin, rumors circulated that Bonney was alive and well, and that the corpse belonged to Billy Barlow. Barlow was a drifter of similar features who had wandered into Lincoln County and then disappeared. Well into this century, there were old-timers living in New Mexico who strongly advocated that Garrett did not kill Billy the Kid. Some residents declare even today that the Kid did not die by violence. As late as 1914, he was reported seen in Mexico, South America, and various parts of the Southwest.

Through the years, several men have come forth claiming to be Billy the Kid. Most were easily dismissed as impostors. Perhaps the most interesting tale of his alleged life after 1881 concerns O.L. (Brushy Bill) Roberts. Brushy Bill was discovered by an attorney named William V. Morrison in 1948. Morrison studied the story carefully and became convinced that this man bore a striking resemblance to Bonney. Roberts was 90 years old, had blue-gray eyes, large ears, and unusual hands almost as small as his wrists. His body carried 26 jagged scars from an earlier time filled with bullets and knives.

*(Continued on page 46)*



Pat F. Garrett, Sherriff of Lincoln County. (Courtesy The Old Lincoln County Memorial Commission.)

William H. Bonney, alias Billy the Kid. (Courtesy The Old Lincoln County Memorial Commission.)

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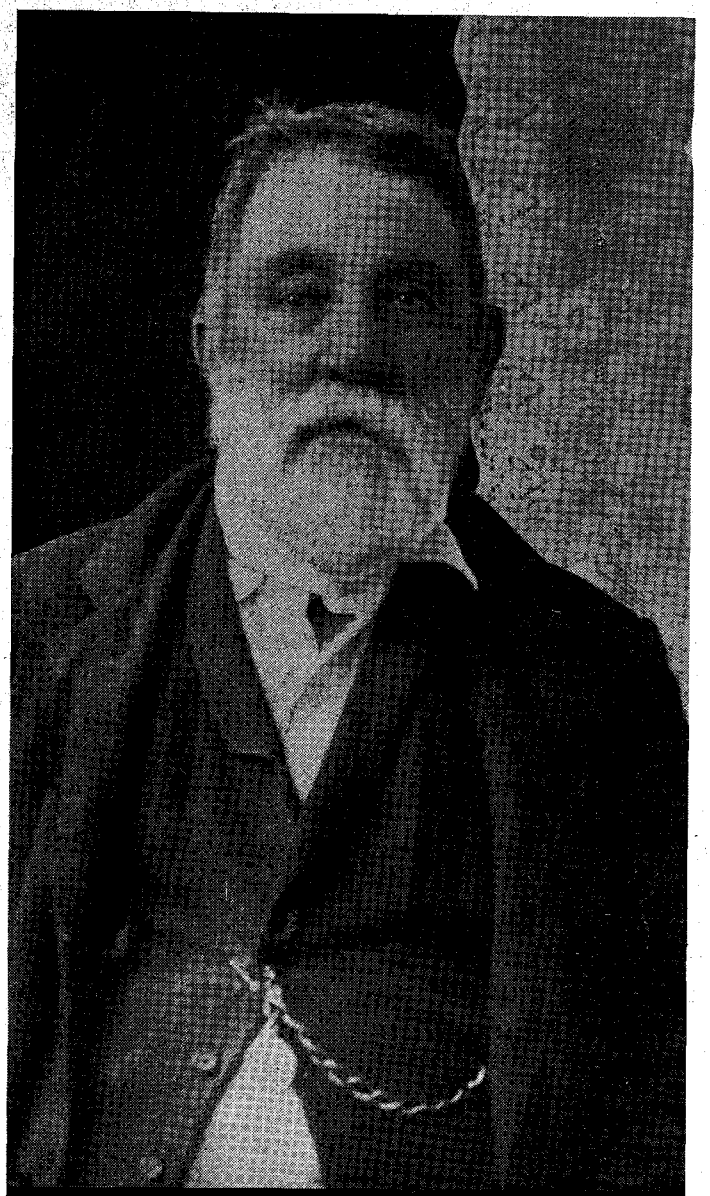

Roy Bean, for many years the Judge at Langtry, Texas. (University of Oklahoma Library)

# ROY BEAN- LAW WEST of the PECOS

By Luke F. Starnes

When Texas was still virtually unsettled in the far reaches of the turbulent Big Bend Country, near El Paso, Judge Roy Bean was a law unto himself, ruling with an iron hand this domain that he had adopted as his own. Few others have equalled him, especially in the way he managed to bring a semblance of law and order to a region where law was definitely needed.

In all the accounts of Bean's life, it is told how he fell in love with the beautiful Lily Langtry, when he saw her photograph in a newspaper (reputedly The Police Gazette, in 1882). From then on, he was completely enamored with her, and later wrote her, telling her of planning to call "his" town Langtry,

**Lillian Langtry, English opera singer for whom Langtry, Texas, was named.** (University of Oklahoma Library)



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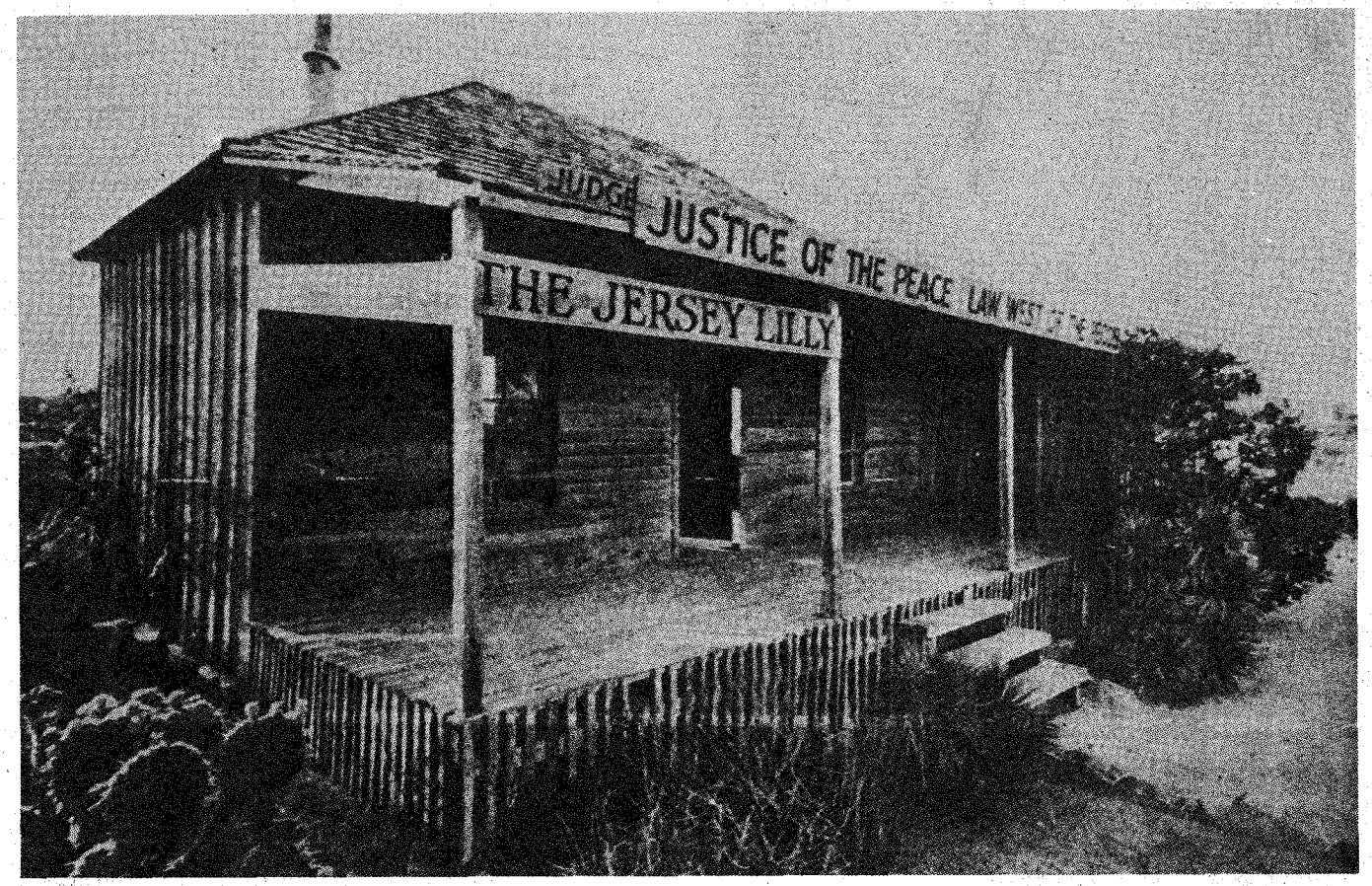
# The colorful adventures of Judge Roy Bean– from Kentucky to California to Langtry, Texas, a town he named after a woman he had never met.




**Roy Bean's "Jersey Lilly," as it appears today, a tourist attraction.**

in her honor. Others believed the name had come from another source. But it is a proven fact that the State of Texas entered the name into its records, and it became officially Langtry, Texas.

Roy Bean started life in the early 1800's, in Mason County, Kentucky, between 1825-30. His parents were poor, so Roy was unable to acquire much schooling. At the age of eighteen or twenty, he left home, making his way down the eastern Coast, to end up in New Orleans. Even at this early age, he had a love for adventure, and he was determined to find out how the rest of the world lived. New Orleans was then a wild, bustling town, and to Roy's young and eager eyes was the epitome of culture and excitement.

Roy returned home ere long, and with his brother Sam as a partner, went to Independence, Missouri, where they obtained mules, a wagon, and supplies, and joined a wagon train heading for Mexico. Upon reaching Chihuahua, they established a trading post, and were an instant success. Roy strutted around like a cock of the walk, feeling superior, since he and Sam were two of the few Americans there. The Mexicans held them in high regard; soon Roy had adapted to their ways, wearing the colorful clothing, learning their language, and riding a beautiful horse, with a fine saddle. At last, he was becoming a somebody!

His stay here, however, was destined to be short. Soon both he and Sam had to make a hasty departure, due to Roy's encounter with one of the local boys, whom Roy shot between the eyes while the lad was in the act of robbing the store where Roy worked. There were to be other hasty departures in the years to come.

The next stop for the two brothers was in Jesus Maria, but again, Roy had an entanglement with a Mexican, and this time he had to be smuggled out under cover of night. He and Sam barely escaped with their lives, the local people were so incensed.

A whole new chapter opened for Roy Bean in San Diego, in 1850, during the gold rush days. His other brother, Josh, was already established there in the role of Alcalde, later being elected Mayor of the thriving little town. And after that, he was elevated to a higher office, Major General in the Militia. Roy literally basked in the reflected glory that it brought him, in being Josh's brother. In the few



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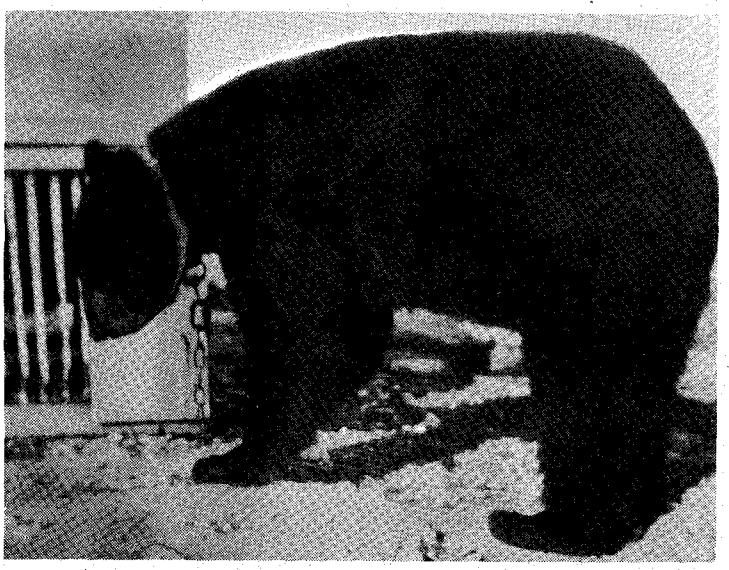

(University of Oklahoma Library)

**Judge Roy Bean's pet bear, Bruno.**

**Virginia Chaves de Bean, wife of Judge Roy Bean, as she appeared in 1885.** (University of Oklahoma Library)

short years since he'd left home, a whole new world had opened up to him, and he would never be the same again.

Josh tired of his role, deciding to move on, so in 1851, he headed north, to San Gabriel, a few miles beyond Los Angeles. In the old mission town, he started a new life, as the owner of The Headquarters Saloon. Roy stayed behind in San Diego, where again trouble reared its ugly head, in the form of a rival for the affections of a local lass, whom Roy had set his "feather" for. (Bean seems to have had a liking for the senoritas). This time, he had shot a Scotsman named Collins in a duel and was jailed as a result. Collins had been hit by Roy's pistol, while astride his horse. Both Bean and Collins were arrested and charged with assault with intent to kill. After a month in jail, they were brought before a jury, but the latter failed to bring in a verdict, so they were both returned to jail to await sentencing. Help came to Roy, in some undisclosed form, and he managed to escape the jail, making his way to safety. Upon reaching San Gabriel, he started working for Josh, as a bartender in the Saloon. Here is where he first met Major Horace Bell.

In his "Reminiscences of a Ranger," Major Bell tells of this first meeting, and of the impression he had of Roy Bean. "He was a rather handsome young man, with dark hair, with a stocky build, and compassionate nature." Roy was supposed to have joined the Rangers, along with Major Bell, under the command of Harry Love; yet there was no mention of Bean's name on the roster and files dating back to that time. However, since Major Bell seems to have been a reliable source, Bean probably did serve with the Rangers for a time.

In April of that year, Josh was killed, leaving a vacancy at the saloon. Roy quickly took over. The death of Josh remained a mystery; but suppositions were offered as to who *might* have been responsible. One of these was that Murietta had had a hand in the affair, yet there was no real proof to back it up. Regardless *who* was responsible, a poor Mexican cobbler, along with two others, was hanged for the crime.

His success, such as it was, at the Headquarters Saloon, seemed to go to Roy's head. He thought that all should look up to him now that he had acquired some status. He overstepped his bounds with a local lass (again of Mexican descent), almost getting himself lynched. It seems that one of the officers in the regiment there had an eye for her, too. Roy claimed to have "rescued" her from the other's clutch, thereby saving her from the attentions of an unwanted suitor. The Mexican had been shot by Roy, in defending the young lady's honor, with the result that the dead officer's friends were "out to get the Gringo."

It was at night, while Roy was on his way home, that he was accosted, much in the same manner as



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his brother Josh had been, by a party of men with ropes ready for hanging. Luckily for Roy, the rope stretched, allowing his toes to touch the ground. One unlikely story has it that his Lady Love cut the rope, thus saving his life. However it happened, he was to bear a red scar from the ropeburn the rest of his life, and his neck was stiff from it. He wore a bandana, to keep prying eyes from seeing what caused his stiff posture.

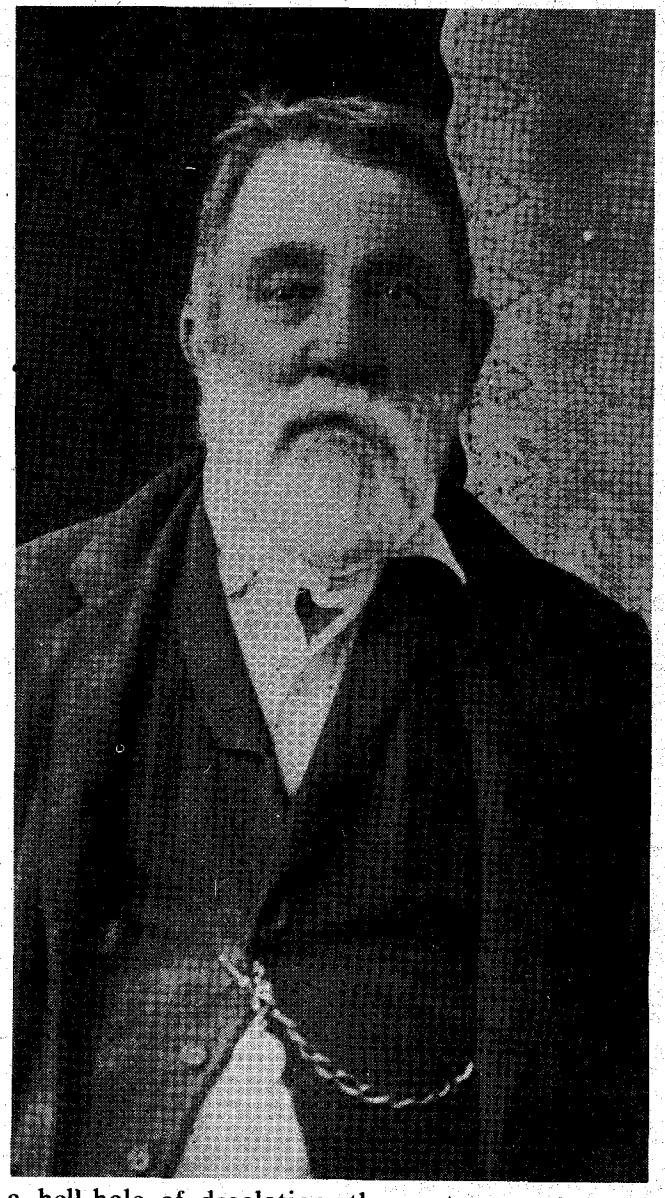
Roy left San Gabriel soon afterwards, making his way to Mesilla, New Mexico, where his other brother, Sam, had preceded him. Sam had already acquired a place of his own, making an immediate success. In his own words, Sam was "able to net around $200.00 a day." This might have been somewhat of an exaggeration, as Sam was like Roy in one respect—he liked to brag a little. Soon Roy was in partnership with Sam, who was the better businessman of the two. He later became the sheriff of Dona Ana County, and served two terms, without using a gun.

In 1861 the two brothers moved on to Pinos Altos, a small mining town, which had sprung up overnight due to a bonanza of ore being taken from the hills that surrounded the tiny settlement. The approach of the Civil War brought on its decline, and soon there was no one left to work the mines. After Apaches attacked the place, the few remaining citizens decided to move on, Roy and Sam being among them.

Roy then became a block-runner for The Confederacy, remaining in that role throughout the Civil War. He had made his way as far as San Antonio, in Texas, and liked the place. After the war, he decided to settle there. For the next eighteen years, he worked at various trades, barely able to make a living for his family, which consisted of his wife, the former Virginia Chevez, and their four children. From selling wood, which he unlawfully cut from property next to where he lived, to peddling watered-down milk, he went from bad to worse. His wife's and mother-in-law's nagging finally made him decide to seek greener pastures. Here is his starting west, to finally become the famous—or infamous—Judge Roy Bean, the Law West of The Pecos.

The railroad was making its way from El Paso, going east, and Roy decided to venture to this unsettled territory to "set up shop" for the supplies of the section hands. He managed to make arrangements with a gentleman from San Antonio, to drive one of his transportation wagon freighters, delivering supplies to the railways. Somehow, he acquired supplies of his own, such as liquor, and sundry other items, opening a trading post called Eagle's Nest in early 1882. The western part of Texas was wild and woolly, the most remote and unsettled of all the staked plains country. Few settlements had been erected, even farther north; and here in this God-forsaken place only the wild animals and cactus called this region home. In Eagle's Nest, Bean erected his tent city, selling his wares to a grateful clientelle. El Paso was the nearest place to civilization, and that was miles away. Soon Eagle's Nest became the meeting place for all the roughnecking and drinking of the track-layers, and Roy's Tent City was a mild success.

As the tracks progressed farther west from San Antonio, to meet with those coming east from El Paso, Roy moved too. If his first place had been in



a hell-hole of desolation, the next one was even worse! It seemed to be at the end of the world. Rocky hills surrounded the place, and nothing but tumbleweeds and other desert species grew here. He called it Vinegaroon, after a repulsive creature, or insect, he saw crawling on the ground. The "city" lived up to its name. At first, it was like many other tent cities, quickly set up to accommodate the trackhands; but as time went on, it became a virtual hell-hole. The worst kind of human element congregated there for the drinking bouts that became more frequent; and soon it rivalled, in

*(Continued on page 59)*



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# THE CHRIS OF PORTUG

## It took a man of courage and a horse of unbelievable stamina to save Fort Phil

The colonel was worried. He had reason to be. There were some 15,000 allied Indian tribes, with at least 4,000 fighting braves, camped on nearby Little Goose Creek. The fort had been under attack throughout the summer and all, and even now with winter's wrath ilunging the mercury out of sight there seemed to be no respite.

Already the men — the few he had left — were waiting for him in the common room, but what could he tell them? He continued to pace back and forth in his quarters, his hands buried deep in the pockets of his uniform . . .

Colonel Henry Carrington had a sensitive face — what little his beard would show — more that of a poet than a seasoned soldier. He was a Yale graduate, and he had been an adjutant general during the Civil War. Besides being a fine frontier officer, he was also an engineer, a scientist, an author of a scholarly paper on George Washington, and a saunch foe of the Copperheads. Those that were jealous of his command said he owed his rank to political influence.

In May, 1866, he had received his fateful orders. They came from Omaha, and they were signed by his superior, Philip St. George Crook, who instructed him to build a cordon of forts through Wyoming to protect the road located by John Bozeman.

"There must be peace," were the final words of his orders.

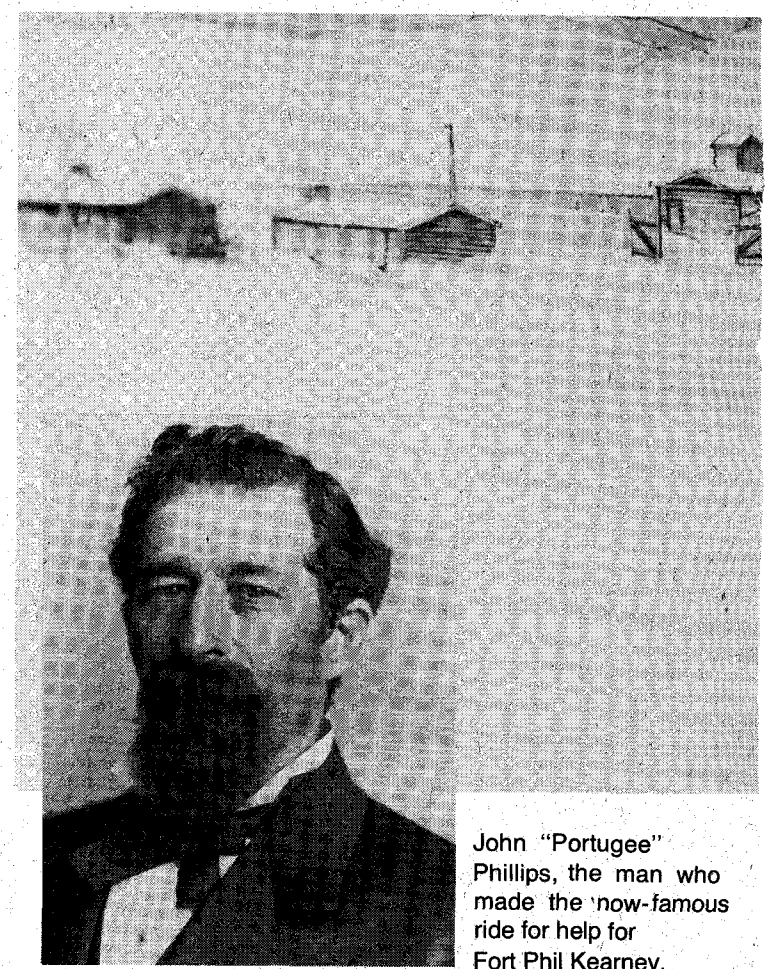
He reread the last paragraph, wondering if a different interpretation could be put on the words. How could there be peace?

The treaty of the previous year, made by Generals Harney and Sanforn, was barely dry on the parchment when it was abrogated. The covenant had guaranteed the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho the Powder River country — all the lands lying between the Yellowstone River, the Rocky Mountains, and the Black Hills — extending from the foothills eastward to the Little Missouri River.

But it did not mean much when Colonel Carrington marched into Fort Laramie on June 16, coming with his command of 700 troops, including Jim Bridger, his guide. Peace negotiations were going on with Red Cloud and his Bad Face band of Oglala Sioux. Hard by in his camp in the short hills was Crazy Horse, the fierce fighter, awaiting results from flashing hand mirrors.

Jim Bridger, fingering his Adam's apple, gave his opinion even though he was not asked.

"Ol' Cloud shore ain't goin' to stand still whilst we guard the Bozeman with a string of forts



John "Portugee" Phillips, the man who made the now-famous ride for help for Fort Phil Kearney.

through his best huntin' grounds, Ol' Crazy's prob'ly getting wigwags in the hills right now."

Carrington nodded in solemn agreement.

"I know, I know. I tried to get the orders changed, but they said there would be no trouble. They even suggested my officers bring their wives along. All I can do now is requisition for extra supplies and 100,000 rounds of ammunition."

E.B. Taylor of the Indian Bureau was determined to hammer out a contract. The treaty table was laden with trinkets and geegaws, but Taylor did not seem to be making much progress. At this point, Colonel Carrington rode up. Hoping to im-



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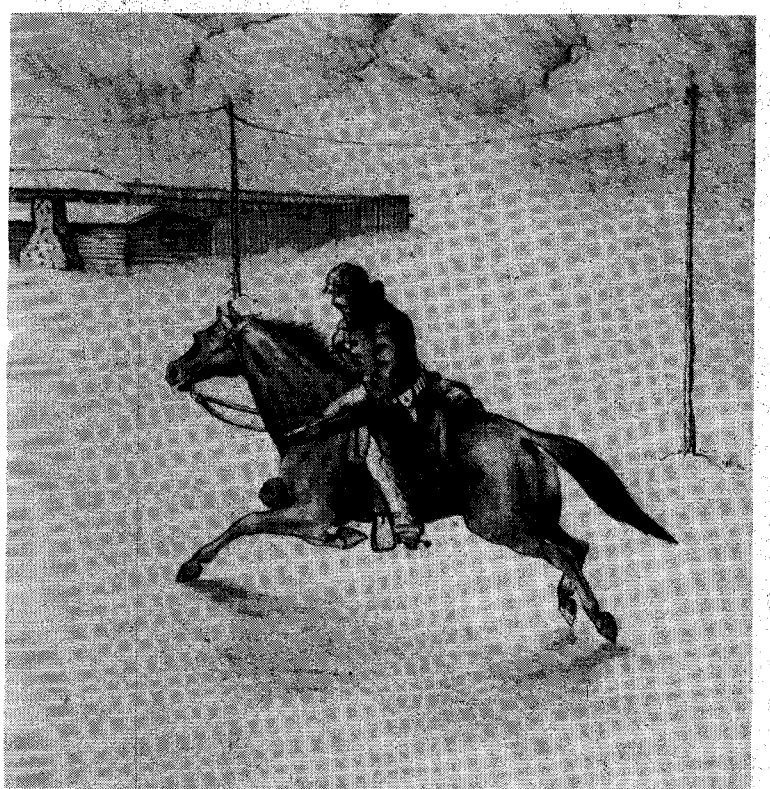
# TMAS RIDE EE PHILLIPS

by Budington Swanson

(All photos courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department)



Artist's version of the arrival of Portugee Phillips at Horseshoe Station.

press Red Cloud and the other chieftains, Taylor introduced Carrington as the "Little White Chief."

Red Cloud wanted to know where the troops were headed. The colonel told him. The chief vaulted up from his cross-legged sitting positon. There was anger in his blood, swelling the veins in his neck, and he could not halter the seething reaction in his voice.

"The Great Father sends us presents and wants a new road. But the Little White Chief comes with pony soldiers to *steal* the road before our people can say yes or no."

He and the other chiefs drew their blankets around them and stalked from the council. Crazy Horse got the signal in his camp.

"*Hopo*, let's go," he said, and rode off the knoll.

Three forts were proposed to protect the Bozeman Trail — two in north-central Wyoming, and a third beside the Big Horn River in Montana.

Three days after the peace policy fiasco, Colonel Carrington was ready to carry out his mission. When he left he was short of everything he needed — his regiment had been stripped down to raw recruits, with only enough hard tack to last four days; and, worst of all, instead of getting 100,000 rounds of ammunition, he was able to draw less than 1,000. Moreover, he was burdened with the responsibility of tools, agricultural implements, household goods, livestock, axes, sawmill equipment, and immigrant woodcutters and carpenters whose broken English was difficult to understand.

Some 160 miles from Fort Laramie, along the Bozeman Trail, was a temporary supply post. Carrington rebuilt and enlarged it, renaming it Fort Reno. To garrison the new stockade, he had to leave behind 160 men from his already small force.

On July 15, Carrington began construction on the second redoubt, Fort Phil Kearny, which he located 40 miles directly north of Fort Reno. It was ideally situated on Big Piney Creek, about four miles from the Big Horn range. Two days after the work began, the hostiles hit, running off most of the horses, killing two soldiers, and wounding three others. From then on they were subject to constant attack, but the anvil chorus of saws, axes, and hammers never ceased.

In August, Carrington sent two companies of infantry to build Fort C.F. Smith, 91 miles further north on the Big Horn River. It was the last fortification along the road to Bozeman City. Because it was nearer Crow country, whose people were traditional enemies of the Sioux, little trouble was experienced in its construction.

By September, Fort Phil Kearny was finished. It was the usual rectangle type, 600 feet wide by 1,600 feet long, with pine palisades eight feet high, and a loophole in every fourth log. Bastions were erected on each corner with portholes for the ugly snouts of the cannons. Besides the barracks, there were stores and warehouses and quarters for the officers. Outside ran another log stockade surrounding the corral where the livestock, hay, and wagons were kept. In the center of the parade ground, towering above the skyline, was a tall flagpole.

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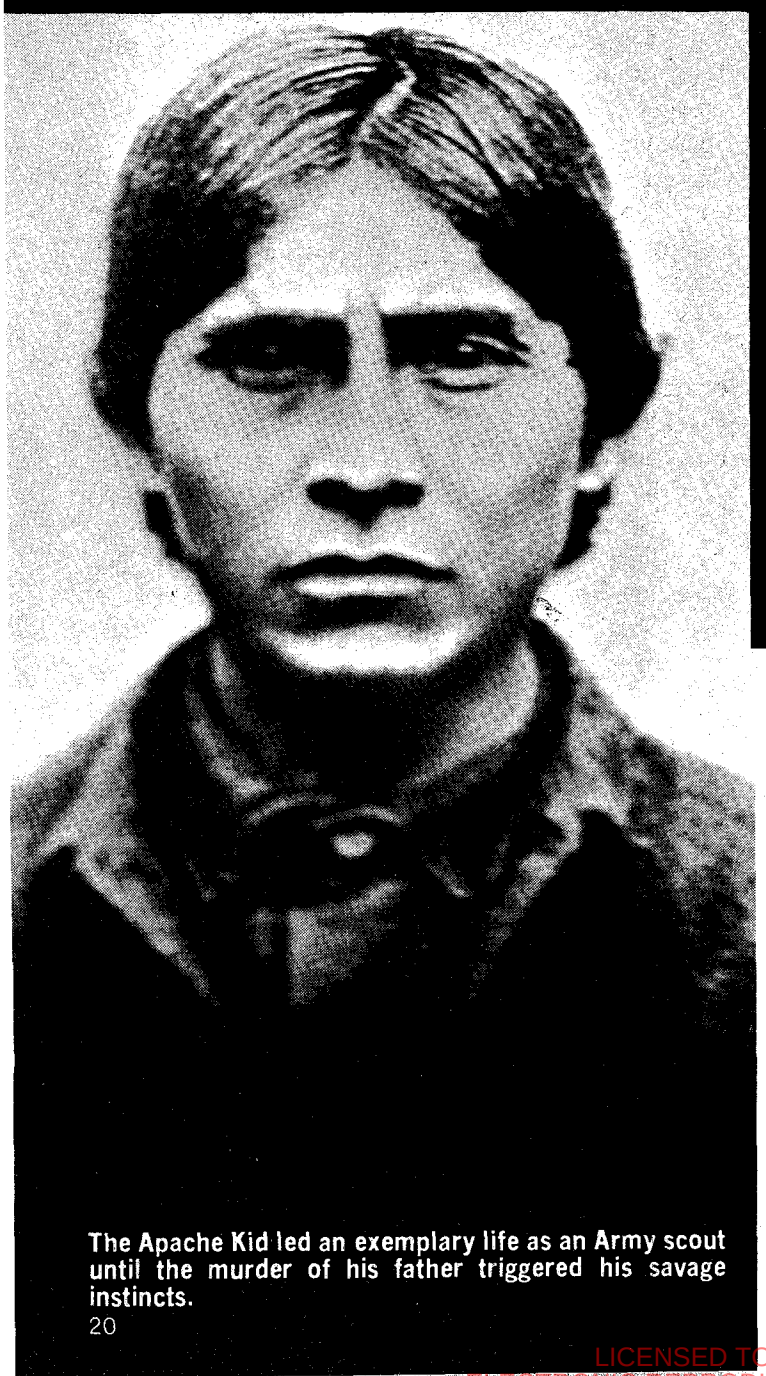
# APACHE KID: MEANEST KILLER in the WEST



The Apache Kid led an exemplary life as an Army scout until the murder of his father triggered his savage instincts.

***When he avenged his father's murder, the Kid began a wild rampage of torture and death that made his name synonymous with terror throughout the Southwest.***

**By Bob Gaddis**

Feared and scorned by his own people, the Apache Kid was a name, when mentioned among white folks, that brought bloodcurdling scenes to mind and made chills of fear run rampant through the body. During the 1880's and 1890's, not a person in the Southwest was immune to the savagery of this man, who was regarded as "exceptionally cruel" by his own people who, at that time, were masters at the infamous task of torture.

Reared on the San Carlos Agency under the close and fatherly guidance of the famous scout, Al Sieber, the Kid knew white people and was familiar with their customs. As a youth, he practiced riding with a saddle and wore white man's clothes. He was educated in the white man's schools and is said to have spoken good English.

As he reached manhood, he developed unusual skill as a tracker. This, no doubt, was a result of his friendship with Al Sieber, who was one of the most noted scouts of the time. The Kid's talents as a tracker grew to such proportions that the Army hired him, and he quickly advanced to first sergeant of the Apache government scouts. It's

(All photos courtesy of University of Oklahoma Library)



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ironic that in his youth the Kid worked for the very agency that would later hunt him and bring five of his friends to their death.

However, the Kid's good beginning in life was not to last long. His career of savagery and brutality is said to have started with the vengeance of his father's death.

Chief Toga-de-chuz, a San Carlos Apache, was the father of the Kid. Some thirty years before his first son was born, Chief Toga-de-chuz, then a young brave, had had a falling out with another youthful buck named "Rip" over a squaw. Both men were courting the girl.

In the end, she married Toga-de-chuz and left Rip fuming at the entrance to her tipi. Though jealous to the point of rage, Rip carefully concealed his rancor and bided his time for the proper moment to "soothe his pride." For forty years after the squaw married Chief Toga-de-chuz, Rip waited patiently for his chance to kill the Chief. Then one night, at a big dance on the reservation, Rip knifed his enemy.

**These gang members of the Apache Kid were sentenced to be executed for the murder of a sheriff and his deputy in 1882. Only two made it to the gallows—the other three hanged themselves in their jail cell.**

All the Indians present were drunk, and the incident occurred late at night. When investigators tried to find out who did it, none of the Indians were able to say definitely; thus, there was no certainty about the murderer. However, the morning after the dance, Rip was nowhere around. Furthermore, his horse was missing.

To the Kid, the evidence was conclusive. He was the oldest son of Toga-de-chuz, and so it was his job to avenge his father's murder. But just like Rip forty years earlier, the Kid had plenty of time to prepare himself for the encounter with his father's killer.

For several more years the Kid led an exemplary life as a leader among his people and as a "damned good Army scout." But one day the young brave gathered together five of his best men and rode out of the reservation to look for Rip. Within a few days, they found the old man.

The Kid delivered justice swiftly and effectively as he sent a lance through Rip's heart. Perhaps this was the only time that the Kid ever killed one of his victims outright without first torturing or wounding him. The Kid took the body, his lance still hanging from the limp form, and threw it in a gully.

When the band of braves, led by the Kid, left the reservation, Sieber figured what they were up to. However, the Kid had been absent for a day before Sieber realized he was gone. Using his knowledge as a tracker, the Kid was able to cover the trail of himself and his men so effectively that even Siber couldn't find them.

And, indeed, Sieber didn't see them again until they returned to the reservation. Although the master scout didn't catch the Indians, he did find the body of old Rip. It was lying in a gully exactly where the Kid and his companions had left it. The lance was still stuck in the body. Sieber immediately recognized the lance as belonging to the Kid. He pulled the wooden shaft from the Indian's body and, with his evidence, headed back to the reservation.

Following his return, he sent word to the Kid that he wanted to see him. When the Kid received the message, he knew that Sieber was aware of both what had happened and who was responsible. The kid also knew the consequences.

With ten of his friends, the Kid rode down to the cabin where Sieber lived. The men came to a halt before the meager wooden building that served as both the Indian Agency and quarters for Al Sieber.

When Sieber saw the eleven men waiting patiently on their horses in front of his office, he knew there was trouble in the air. But, as is the duty of a soldier, he ignored the warnings of his sixth sense and went out of the building. He walked defiantly toward the eleven horsemen and stationed himself squarely in the middle of them, standing before the Kid. Sieber broke the silence first.

"Did you murder Rip?" inquired the scout, gazing evenly into the Kid's brown eyes. There was no reply. Sieber looked at their guns.

"All right. I'm gonna haf to take you in. Get off those horses."

Then, almost as on cue, the Kid let out a war cry and kicked his horse to a gallop, knocking Sieber to the



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ground in the process. As the band rode away, one of the braves turned in the saddle and took a shot at Sieber, who had his revolver out and was just about ready to squeeze off a shot. The brave's aim was good, and the shot sent Sieber tumbling to the ground with a leg wound.

And so it was that in avenging the death of his father, the Kid was virtually forced into a life of savagery. From the day of his first encounter with Sieber until the Kid's mysterious death, he remained an outlaw and committed such acts of treachery that even his own people, the Mescalero Apaches, called him the "dirty dog."

Following his expedient departure from the San Carlos Reservation and Al Sieber, the Kid and his band of braves headed south for Mexico. Although the Indians made a clean getaway to Mexico, there is a running account of their escape—mostly in blood.

It's difficult to understand why the Kid, who'd led an exemplary life for a number of years, suddenly turned outlaw. But turn outlaw he did, and with such a clatter that his fame spread immediately across the Southwest like a bucket of water thrown on a floor.

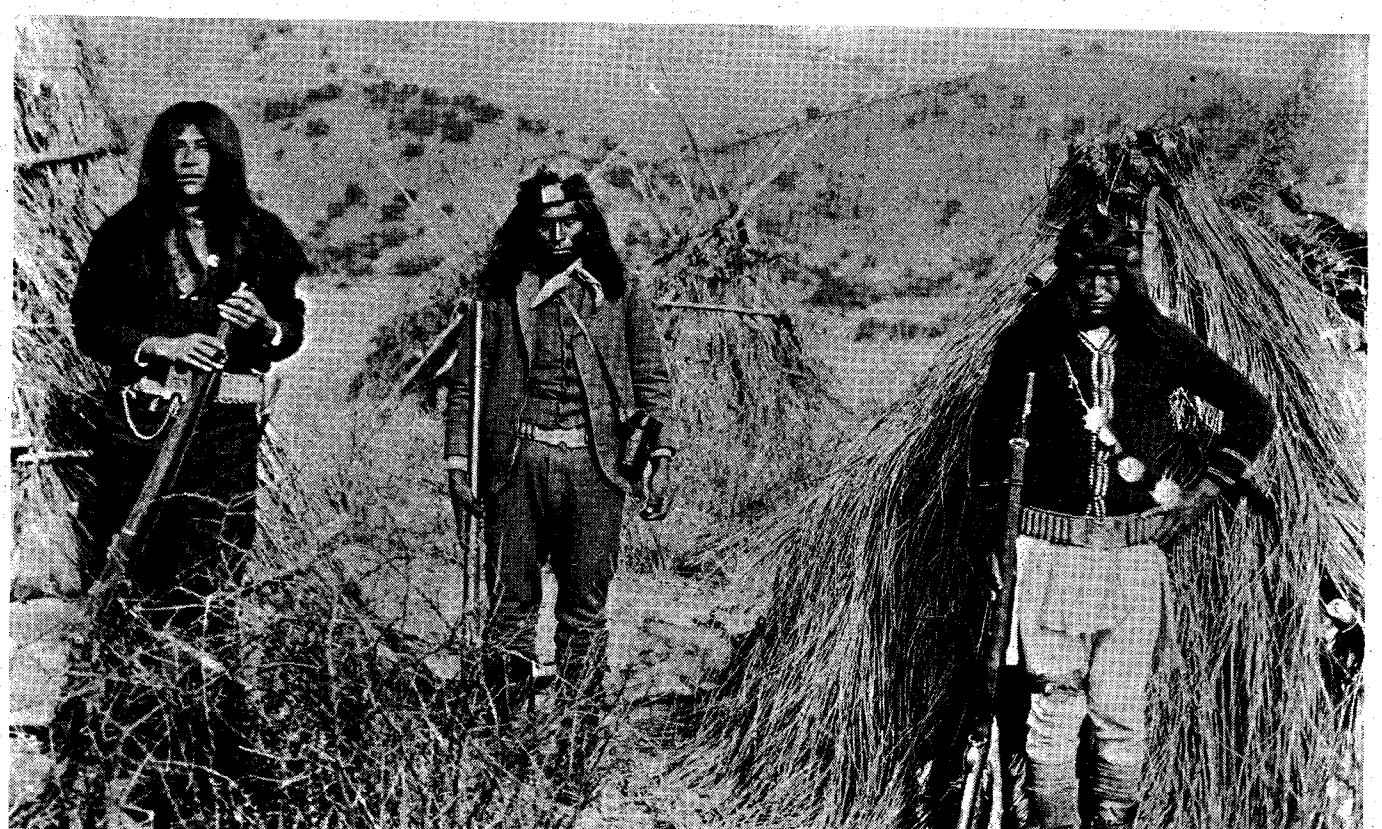
working their way above the horizon. In another ten or fifteen minutes, the sun would be making its daily debut.

Without making a sound, the Indians encircled the house while the Kid and two of the braves prepared to enter the rugged wooden dwelling. The Kid and his men moved noiselessly into the house and walked like cats through it until they found the bedrooms.

The first one they came to was the master bedroom; the farmer and his wife were sleeping there. But the couples were just about to awaken as the new day was breaking, for they had work to do. And even though the Indians were as quiet as mice when walking toward the bed with drawn knives, the old farmer awakened and quickly realized what was going on.

He hastily reached over to the floor where he had a loaded shotgun, and discharged it at the Indians before they understood what was happening. The now wounded Indians ran from the building and joined their comrades outside, where they licked their wounds and prepared to take the house.

By this time, the farmer had gotten his family together—



**The Apache Kid (center) and two cohorts pose in front of their wickiups (grass-covered huts) in Arizona in the 1880's.**

En route to Mexico, the atrocities began in earnest. When the Indians left the reservation, they had only their ponies and what they were wearing. After they got to Mexico, they had fresh mounts and plenty of supplies—and these boys didn't believe in paying for anything.

The band of renegades rode hard for a day or so after shooting Sieber and leaving the San Carlos Agency. They wanted to put as much distance between themselves and Sieber as possible. Even though they knew he was wounded, the Indians' fear of the famous tracker was great. But finally, their horses gave out, and they had to stop or get replacements—the latter course of action seemed the safest at the time.

And then, after a night of hard riding, the renegades slowed to a walk as they approached a small farm in the early dawn. Dim streaks of red and gold were steadily

two young girls and four older boys—and was making plans for the defense of their home and their lives. Before they had a chance to get organized, the farmer and his family were under attack by the band of renegade Mescaleros. The frontier family fought bravely.

Each of the boys was firing something—a pistol, a rifle or a shotgun. The women were keeping them supplied with ammunition. The settlers were playing for keeps, but so were the Indians.

When the farmer and his family started shooting at the Apaches, the Indians retreated to a nearby corral for protection, and returned the fire. The braves made it appear that all of them were hiding behind the corral. But this was not the case. The Kid, bleeding slightly from a buckshot wound in the left arm, and two of his bucks had headed for the side of the house opposite *(Continued on page 55)*



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# XIT... FIVE MILLION ACRES IN TWO STATES

by Vera Holding

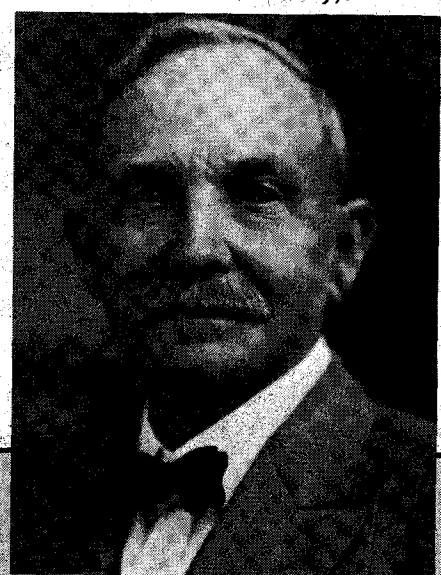
When Texas decided to build a state capitol at Austin in 1888, funds were scarce, but there were acres and acres of public land, good land.

The enterprising men at the state house advertised that Texas would trade land to a construction company that would build an edifice big enough and handsome enough even for the proudest Texan.

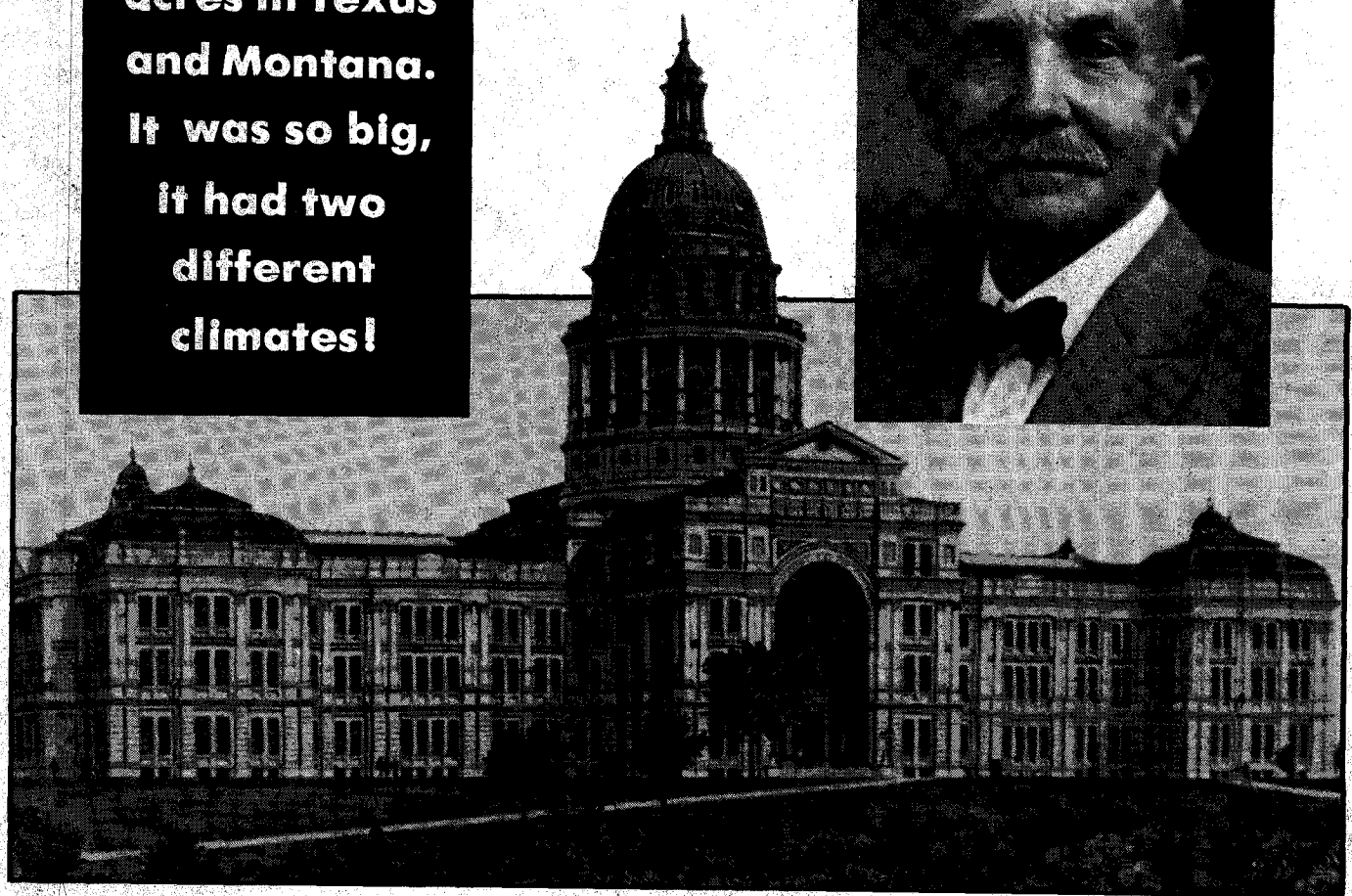
A prominent group of men from Chicago, headed by John V. Farwell, along with Abner Taylor, made the bid. They agreed to build a state capitol building of finest Texas granite.

Fulfilling the contract for the handsome state

**XIT covered five million acres in Texas and Montana. It was so big, it had two different climates!**



**Ira Aten, a peace officer at the XIT in 1929.** (U. of Oklahoma Library).



**One of the buildings on the Texas Panhandle XIT, 1884.** (U. of Oklahoma Library)



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capitol would mean the contractors would be given 3,050,000 acres covering ten counties: Dallam, Hartley, Oldham, Deaf Smith, Parmer, Castro, Bailey, Lamb, Cochran and Hockley!

None of the Chicago men were ranchers but they knew how to operate for a profit. Their idea was that with over three million acres of land they could colonize the land and rake in a fortune.

Taylor sent for his friend, B. H. Campbell, who lived at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and whom he had once staked for ranching. Campbell was better known as "Barbeque" because of his brand Bar-B-Q. He was a real cattleman who knew the business from the ground up.

In Chicago he met with the owners. "Great Jehosephat," said "Barbeque", "a ranch which starts at the top of Texas by Buffalo Springs, runs 200 miles down the Panhandle and 30 miles wide—" He blew out a long whistle at the prospect.

"That's right," John Farwell said proudly, "and we want to put a half million acres under fence."

Barbeque fingered his wide brimmed hat and a grin cracked his wind-browned face. "It'll pleasure me, Farwell, to go back and get this spread in operation."

*(Continued on page 60)*

**Texas State Capitol. In exchange for building this edifice, the contractors were given ten counties of land.** (U. of Oklahoma Library)



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**Beneath the searing desert, the earth hoards her wealth of silver, gold, and copper.**

American Home Towns

# TOMBSTONE:

# TOO TOUGH TO DIE

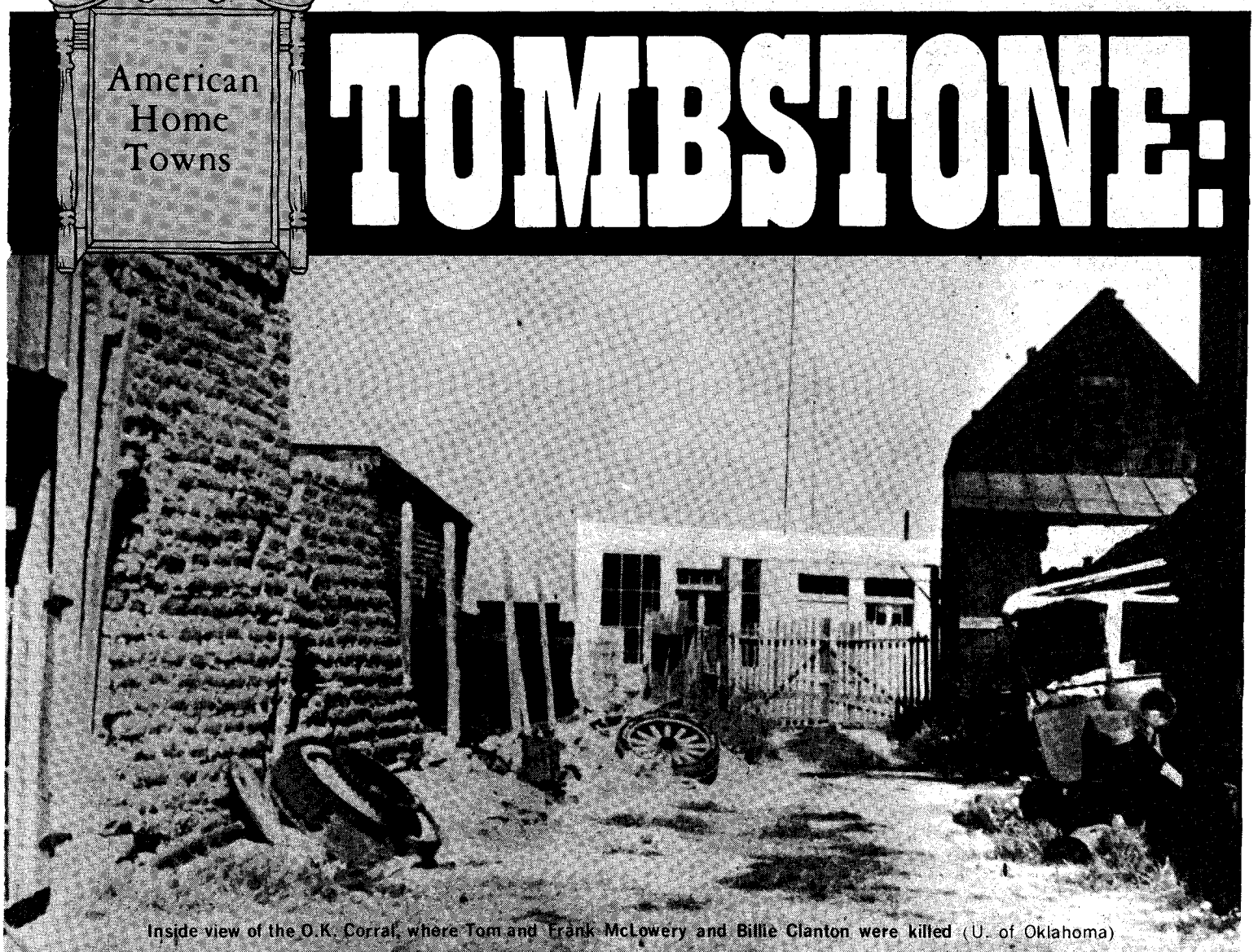
by Leo Rosenhouse

The time was 1876. The wild lands of California, Washington, Oregon, and Nevada were filling up with homesteaders.

But over the Arizona Territory hung the spectre of death . . . sudden, merciless death at the hands of the Apaches, who had a blood hate for the white man. To be taken by the Apache could mean death following excruciating torture or horrible maiming before release. If one was a woman, there was the prospect of slavery.

These hazards and other factors kept Ari-

Ed Schiefflin, a big man with an unruly black beard, who founded Tombstone.



Inside view of the O.K. Corral, where Tom and Frank McLowery and Billie Clanton were killed (U. of Oklahoma)



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**Ed Schieffelin, seated right, with his brother Al, seated opposite, after they had made a million dollars in silver.** (Bank of Douglas)

zona from becoming a white settlement until the last of the 1800's, and into this kind of an atmosphere came a man named Edward L. Schieffelin, whose Pennsylvania neighbors regarded as a dreamer and just about the most misshapen character to leave the New England states.

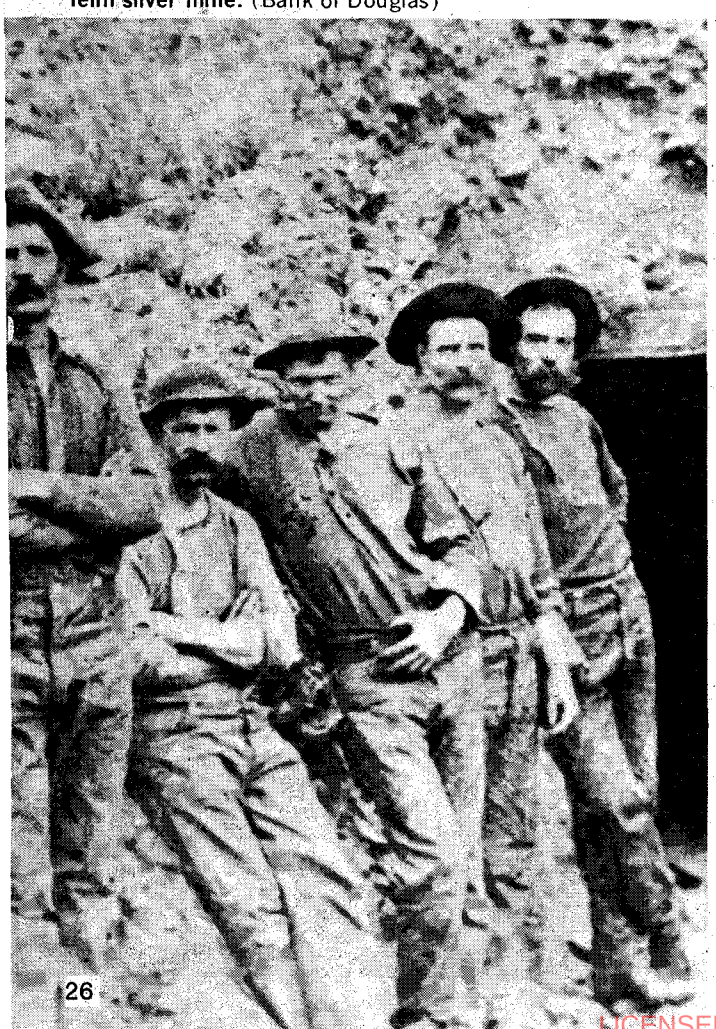
Schieffelin didn't care at all about his looks. He hadn't taken a wife because women laughed at him. Who would want a monster standing six feet two inches tall, with dragging curled black hair that fell below the shoulders, and a tough beard so full of tangled knots, it was almost impossible to keep trim and clean.

As for clothes, Schieffelin hankered toward rabbit skin, and wore a patchwork scouting outfit that set him instantly apart from his more meticulous and conventional kinfolk.

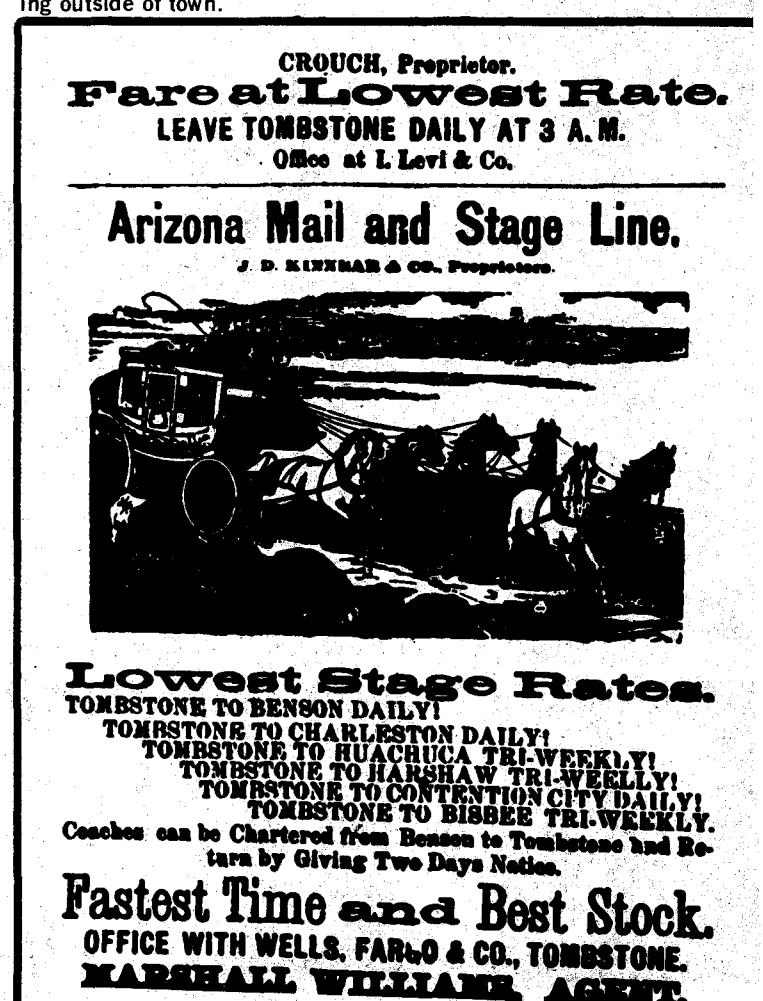
"He's a mite crazy," one Pennsylvanian remarked when Ed went around saying goodbye as he headed west to pan gold in Oregon. "But don't underestimate that boy. I've never seen a person with more grit. He's gonna' get what he's after, whatever that is."

After ten years of hard prospecting along the

**Cochise County miners about to enter a shaft of the Schieffelin silver mine.** (Bank of Douglas)



**Stage Line advertisement didn't mention the Apaches waiting outside of town.**


CROUCH, Proprietor.
Fare at Lowest Rate.
LEAVE TOMBSTONE DAILY AT 3 A. M.
Office at L. Levi & Co.
Arizona Mail and Stage Line.
J. D. KINNEAR & CO., Proprietors.
Lowest Stage Rates.
TOMBSTONE TO BENSON DAILY!
TOMBSTONE TO CHARLESTON DAILY!
TOMBSTONE TO HUACHUCA TRI-WEEKLY!
TOMBSTONE TO HARSHAW TRI-WEEKLY!
TOMBSTONE TO CONTENTION CITY DAILY!
TOMBSTONE TO BISBEE TRI-WEEKLY.
Coaches can be Chartered from Benson to Tombstone and Return by Giving Two Days Notice.
Fastest Time and Best Stock.
OFFICE WITH WELLS, FARGO & CO., TOMBSTONE.
MARSHALL WILLIAMS, AGENT.



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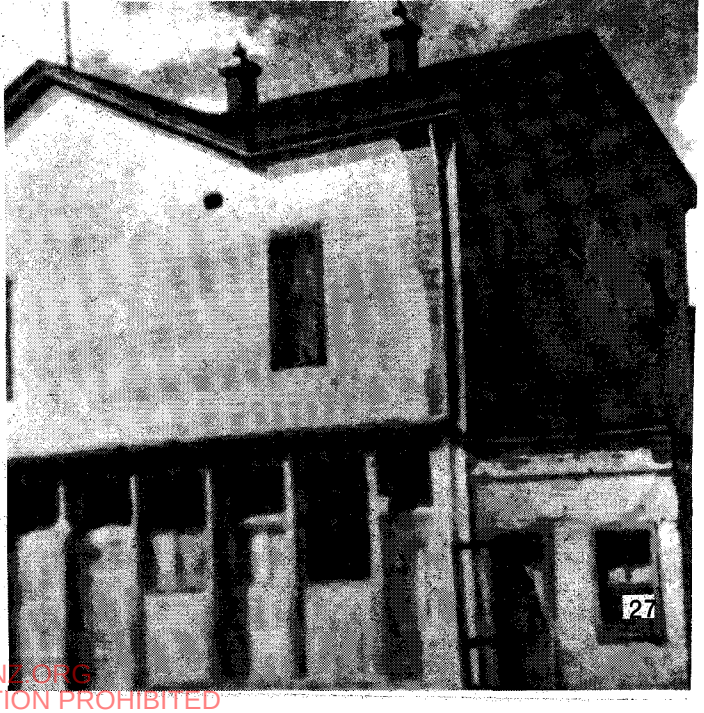
**Geronimo, Natchez, and Geronimo's son . . . Apaches who were a constant threat to white settlers.** (Bank of Douglas)

Pacific Coast, and in Nevada, Ed. Schieffelin knew he was a "Johnny-Come-Lately." Earlier prospectors had skimmed off the cream of gold and left only sparse diggins'. If there was a fortune to be made as a lonely miner, it had to be in new and untouched territory, and the gangly, but immensely strong Schieffelin, whose only reward for a decade of hard labor at the placers was less than $25, began to head southwest toward the land of the dreaded Apaches.

**Richard Gird, the assayer who helped Edward Schieffelin find his first strike.**

**Schiefflin Hall, a meeting house and theater in Tombstone.**





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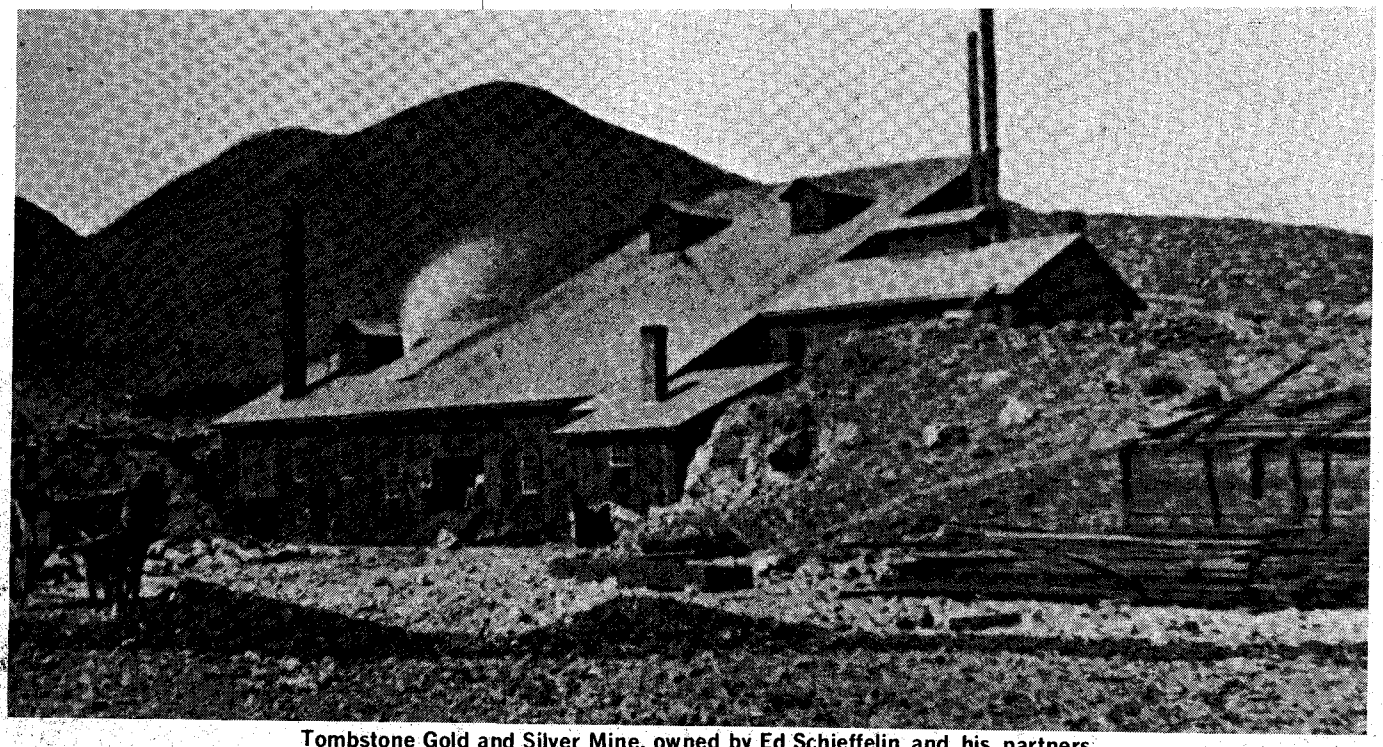

Tombstone Gold and Silver Mine, owned by Ed Schieffelin and his partners.

By January, 1877, when he was about 30 years old, the odd appearing prospector thought the floor of the Grand Canyon might be rich in gold and silver. It hadn't been tried because the Apaches had blocked its approaches.

Near the Grand Canyon, Schieffelin teamed up with a few Hualapai Indians, then at odds with theApaches, and they helped him get to Fort Huachuca, a lonely military outpost, beyond which the Apache had his domain. The Fort was above the lonely San Pedro Hills. It was said that Geronimo and other fierce Apache leaders were in the region.

"You'll find your own tombstone if you go out there," some soldiers warned. "Nobody comes back alive!"

"I aim to discover a rich mine, not my own grave," countered Schieffelin, "but if my destiny is a tombstone in the offing, I'll chance that, too!"

Spending some of his last bit of cash for a good pair of field glasses, Schieffelin left the security of the Fort at night, and by sunrise, was in a jumble of hills so rich in ore bearing rock, tears came to his eyes, and Schieffelin was down on his knees, praying gratitude, for he felt he was on the verge of a great ore dis-

Outdoor sleepers were often attacked by snakes and scorpions.

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**Lawmen of Tombstone . . . Wyatt Earp, seated second from left, to his left, seated, Charley Bassell. Standing, Bat Masterson at the right and in the center, standing Luke Short.** (Bank of Douglas)

covery.

Picking up a few stones, Schieffelin studied them closely. "There's silver here," he exclaimed. "These are rich pickings."

Carefully, and with scientific precision and the skilled eye of a seasoned prospector, he studied the erosion pattern of the land through his field glasses, and then piled up a few of the stones and wrote out a claim, using the stones to secure his bit of paper.

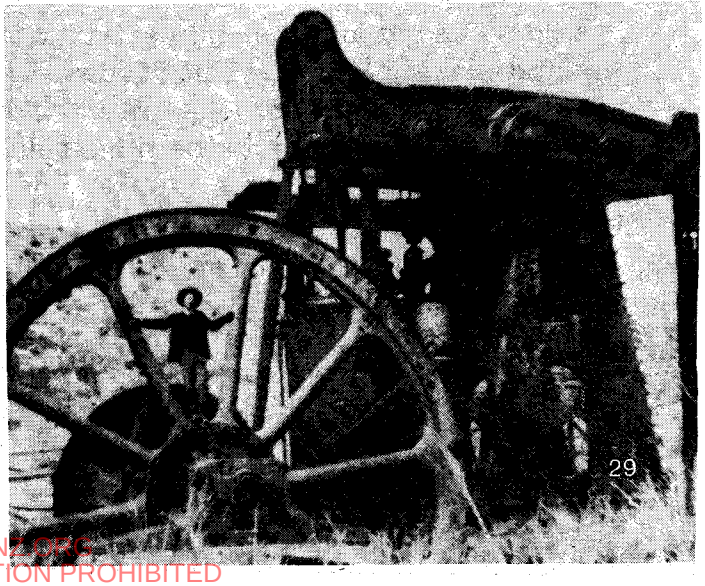
"This may be my tombstone," he said aloud, remembering the warning of the soldiers at the Fort.

It was no use looking around for Apaches. Schieffelin knew they could so easily blend into the terrain, he would likely miss their presence until they attacked.

Marking a trail, Schieffelin again waited for nightfall and hurried toward a small white settlement where he asked a mining friend named William Griffith to return to the tombstone marker and inspect his find.

"It's an area with rich veins of silver," insisted Schieffelin, "but I need a partner to buy mining tools, and *(Continued on page 47)*

**The huge pump wheel and pump of the Grand Central Silver Mine**





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When governments fail their people, it becomes the duty of the people to carry out the laws for their own protection. This belief gave birth to . . .

# THE VIGILANTES

Original gallows erected by Sheriff Plummer to which he himself was hanged.

by John H. Harrison

Two o'clock in the morning of June 11, 1851.

Two thousand angry men hustled a cursing and kicking "Sydney Duck" down Sansome Street to Portsmouth Square and there hanged him by the neck to the ridge-pole of the Plaza building—victim number one of the Vigilantes.

The Sydney Duck was a scabrous character named Jenkins; an ex-convict with a "ticket-of-leave" from an Australian penal colony. California's Gold Rush had lured him to San Francisco. Not to toil and moil in the muck of its placer "diggin's;" but to renew his old London trade of arson and robbery in the brawling new city. For months its waterfront had rewarded him handsomely until the fateful night of June 10th when his luck ran out. A group of law-abiding citizens caught him in the act of spiriting a small safe out the back door of Virgin's Shipping Office on Long Wharf. He had a rowboat alongside, but, in his haste to escape, missed it and fell into the bay, safe and all. The safe was lost forever to the murky waters, but Jenkins was fished out and marched up Market Street to Sam Brannan's mercantile office just off Bush



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Street where fourteen more honest citizens sat in grim conclave—the first official meeting of the Committee Of Vigilance; the dreaded "601." Sam Brannan was its President; a bombastic man of many talents —merchant; editor; sometimes barrister—a man with a persuasive tongue and the courage to use it.

"We caught this pole-cat stealing a safe," said the spokesman in charge of the prisoner. "He chucked it in the bay before we could nab him but we'll all swear to seein' him do it."

Upon this evidence and a long record of past misdeeds, Jenkins was tried, convicted, sentenced and hanged by a non-legal assemblage of common citizens fed up with the failure of elected officials to maintain law and order. Nor was Jenkins the last to be punished. Not by several hundred. No one really knows how many. Few records survive. However, these few authenticate no less than four hangings in California and thirty-two more in Idaho Territory, (now Montana). In addition to the hangings, there were scores of whippings, brandings, and banishments spread over an era of fifteen years, beginning with Jenkins in 1851 and ending with James Daniels in 1866.

Why the Vigilantes? What circumstances could have fostered an organization which could and did enforce law and order when it itself was illegal?

Its birthplace, San Francisco, supplies the answer. So corrupt had the city become in all aspect of crime-control that by mid-1851 its better citizens rose up in open rebellion against what had passed for lawful government. As Sam Brannan put it: "we but pursue our constitutional right to do so. When elected officials fail us, then we, the people, become the mayor; and the recorder; the hangman and the law." His two thousand listeners cheered lustily, and he added more by dipping deep into history; clear back to the voyage of the Mayflower when the Pilgrims "did conceive a document and combine themselves together." He also cited our own Declaration Of Independence by quoting that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" a self-evident truth from which he implied that when governments fail their duties, it then becomes the inherent right of the people to supplant such governments in whatever manner and by whatever means the circumstances prescribe. Hence the "Committee Of Vigilance"—San Francisco's answer to just such a failure. For months its thirty thousand citizens had been practically without lawful protection by either the police or the courts. The former were far more interested in shake-downs than in arrests. Courts had deteriorated into bargaining marts, with "justice" going to the highest bidder. No honest man was safe on the streets. Gangs of hoodlums, self styled "The Hounds," burned, looted and mugged unopposed. Gamblers owned the politicians and controlled elections by intimidation and stuffed ballot boxes.

Jenkin's theft of the safe was but the extra "drop of water that tipped the iceburg." So he went to his death with these final words of Sam Brannan stoppering his ears: "Let every lover of liberty and good order lay hold of the rope."

There was no dirth of willing hands. Nor did city officials voice more than token objection—fearful, no doubt, that their own necks could be in like jeopardy. Even the ultra-conservative newspaper, Alta, which had been strongly preaching against what it termed "the imminence of mob rule," brushed off Jenkin's demise with this succinct summation: "The Vigilante Committee is at last formed and in good working order. They hanged at two o'clock this morning upon the Plaza one Jenkins for stealing a safe."

Thus was history born!

Three more hangings followed in rapid succession. Exactly one month later, James Stuart, murderer of an Auburn sheriff and robber of Jensen's Clothing Store, swung from a Vigilante "collar" at the foot of Market Street; the date, July 11, 1851.

Sam Whittaker and Robert McKenzie followed Stuart on August 22nd. Both had been incarcerated in what passed for the city jail—a flimsy, clap-board building formerly used as a hay barn. Their crimes: arson and



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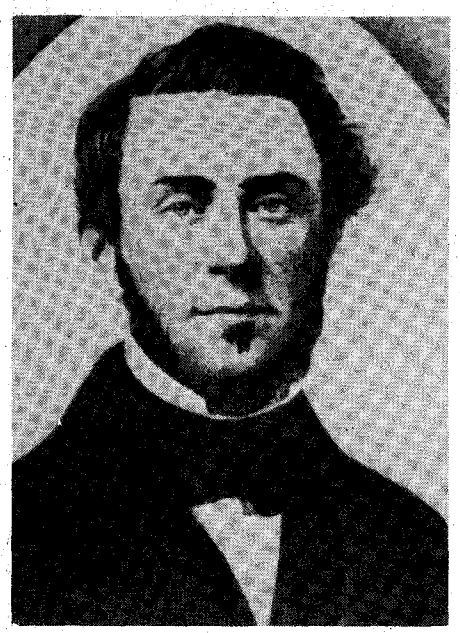

**Sam Brannan president of the Committee of Vigilance.**

robbery. However, the Committee was highly dissatisfied with the minimal sentences the judge had meted out to them—three months in the so-called jail, from which no end of prisoners had previously escaped; some within minutes after the jailer had locked the door. The Vigilantes made sure that no such escape was allowed Whittaker and McKenzie. Thirty-six of them faced down the guards and escorted the two men outside; gave them a fast coach ride down Battery Street to the Committee headquarters and there hanged them from the second story window. Several thousand cheered.

With their deaths, just seventy-one days after that of Jenkins, crime in San Francisco dropped from a torrent to a trickle. The "Hounds" vanished into thin air. Sydney Ducks found better pickings elsewhere. Gamblers and politicians assumed a very low profile; and a miner in from the hills with a poke full of gold could walk down the street without fear of getting robbed before he had time to spend it. So drastic had been the reformation that on September 11th the Committee decided that its goal had been achieved; its need nullified; so it officially disbanded, having accomplished in three months what elected authority had failed to accomplish in three years.

However, as subsequent events proved, disbandonment was only a respite; a moratorium from which the Committee would re-emerge five years later when social and political corruption again plagued the city. An insidious additive had engendered it—prostitution. Prostitution not in the ordinary sense of a few harlots plying their age-old trade on a dark street; but prostitution on a grand scale. Prostitution wholesale!

Ah, Toy, a Chinese courtesan, started it. Incensed by a court action in which she felt that she had received less than her fair share of civil rights, she swore to get even, and did so with a diabolical scheme that was to spread its blight over the entire state for the next fifty-eight years. First, she returned to her homeland and there, at $5.00 each, she bought from willing parents thirty "worthless females" that somehow had escaped being drowned at birth, and brought them back to San Francisco. On the voyage across the Pacific, and with the enthusiastic cooperation of the crew, she tutored them in the finer nuances of their forth-coming profession; not only in its erotic aspects but equally in those of an economic nature such, for instance, as distinguishing good coins from spurious ones; and honest gold nuggets from blobs of brass.

Upon arrival at the embarcadero; she first dressed them in the finest silks the Captain had to offer; then marched them to Portsmouth Square. Understandably, a gawping entourage of men swelled about them, burgeoning with such astounding rapidity that, by the time it reached Fish Alley, it numbered thousands.

Women in San Francisco at that time were a rare commodity, indeed. Fifty males to every female. Besides, these particular women were young; very young; most of them barely into their teens; and, by Oriental standards, beautiful. Ah Toy had seen to that. Nor did she lose any time in advertising the nature of the merchandise offered. Within three days the first of her "bagnios" was open for business—each an eight by ten foot cubby-hole housing one of her dainty little imports garbed in a silk "chengosams" split hip-high on both sides with nothing beneath but rice-powdered flesh. For one ounce of gold or its equivalent in coinage, she was any man's "to have and to hold" for a maximum of twenty-minutes.

Business was brisk. In fact, it was phenominally brisk; so much so that it aroused the cupidity of one Hip. Yes, a restaurateur on nearby Jackson Street. Yes was a forthright man of action. Within the month he gave Ah Toy the choice of turning her lucrative enterprise over to him or of visiting her ancestors in Seventh Heaven by sun-rise. Understandably, Ah Toy abdicated; but the generous Yes did allow her to operate as her own, three bagnios on the Alley where she ended her days, happy in the knowledge that she was exacting full payment for the wrong done her by the hated "foreign devils."

**Robber's Roost—the Plummer gang's hideout.**

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What Ah Toy began, Hip Yes expanded. He, too, hurried to China. There, from along the Peikiang River he gathered six hundred more "worthless females;" brought them back to San Francisco, where he added them to Ah Toy's original thirty to begin a sinister traffic in human bondage more cruel and degrading than Black slavery ever thought of being. Yes's six hundred increased to six thousand within the next two decades, with "bagnios" spreading from one end of the state to the other. By 1870 there was not a city or town; not a hamlet; hardly a cross-road that did not have its full complement of "pay-per-day" girls. San Francisco remained the core of it; an area centered around an under-ground "baracoon" beneath Dupont Street. Like flies to a manure pile, it attracted the scum of the city. In 1856 it was the very heart of San Francisco's under-world; the habitat of prostitutes, gamblers, arsonists, pimps, thieves, and assassins-for-hire—a festering cesspool of infamy that soon infected those supposed to control it—the police; the courts; lawyers; and politicians. All became ensnared in its insidious web of crime—a situation as explosive as T.N.T.

Something had to give; and did. On May 14, 1856, James P. Casey, a politician of questionable repute, murdered James King Of William, a highly respected editor of the "Evening Bulletin," claiming that the latter had defamed him in an editorial. Although Casey was arrested, tried and convicted, his subsequent incarceration in the city jail did not satisfy an out-raged populace. For the second time within a decade its law-abiding element rebelled against corruption, bribery, chicanery, and malfeasance in government; and they knew how to stop it—revive the Vigilantes!

So, on March, 22nd, the day James King Of William was buried, the fire bell tolled again for them to re-assemble. They came six thousand strong. They stormed the jail. They took Casey and they hanged him high from the third story window of their headquarters building; Old Fort "Gunnybags," the Know Nothing Hall at 105½ Sacramento Street.

To accompany him on his journey-of-no-return, they added another murderer, Charles Cora, a Stout's Alley gambler who had shot and killed U.S. Marshall, William H. Richardson, because the Marshall had snubbed Cora's mistress.

In the meantime a new Committee was formed. This one of forty members was headed by a personable and successful young business man, William T. Coleman. Not as bombastic as his predecessor, Sam Brannan, he, never-the-less, was equally dedicated to the task in hand; performing it so efficiently that three months and two hangings later San Francisco's crime rate plunged to an all-time low. Relatively speaking, the price had not been prohibitive: four hangings; twenty-five floggings; a few brandings; and half a hundred banishments. In addition, uncounted hordes had chosen self-imposed exile to areas less conducive to "hemp rope justice." Never again did San Francisco's lawlessness reach proportions warranting another convening of the Committee; the last of which was held on August 21, 1856.

However, Vigilanteism had not died. Instead it remained a dozing giant with one observing eye cocked on the future—a far-seeing eye encompassing the entire West. For the next seven years no disturbing factors aroused it; but, in 1863, it was compelled to focus that baleful eye on what is now Montana but was then the east portion of Idaho Territory.

There crime was out of hand; even more so than it had been in California's worst days. All because of one man—Henry Plummer, Sheriff of the Bannack and Alder Gulch mining districts while at the same time being leader of a murderous gang of cut-throats.

Plummer himself was an enigma; a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. To the lawabiding citizens of the districts he was urbane, polite, gracious, and cooperative. But beneath this surface facade was a murderer; a thief and a seducer of women. He first surfaced in Nevada City, California,

**Official vigilante dog tag.**

in 1857, as a capable young fellow who had gotten himself elected town marshall. Undeniably he spent a fair portion of his working hours attending to his duties. However, he spent another fair portion of them in wooing a Mrs. Vedder, which would not have been morally reprehensible had not there been a Mr. Vedder to whom she was very much married. One day he barged in on one of their trysts at a moment when there was no doubt whatever about his being cuckolded. In the fight that followed, Plummer was a shade faster on the draw and Mr. Vedder died vainly defending his honor.

Friends somehow wangled Plummer a governor's pardon, leaving him free to continue his amorous ways, which he did without further hindrance until December, 1860, when he became embroiled with a man named Ryder over their mutual claim to the favors of a town prostitute when her bed was not otherwise professionally occupied. Another gun-fight and again Plummer proved the faster man. Ryder died and Plummer was jailed for his murder. This time there was no pardon but friends once more came to his rescue. They smuggled a pistol in to him and he made good use of it by knocking his jailer over the head and escaping to Walla Walla, Washington.

There, for a living, he gambled; for pleasure, he suduced women. He was only moderately successful at gambling; but, at seduction, he did so well that soon so many irate husbands were stalking him that he was forced to seek less hostile pastures. He found one further east at Oro Fino Creek in Idaho Territory, site of new and profitable placer diggings. It was here that he organized his first band of "owl hoots"—a scrofulous collection of human predators including

*(Continued from page 44)*



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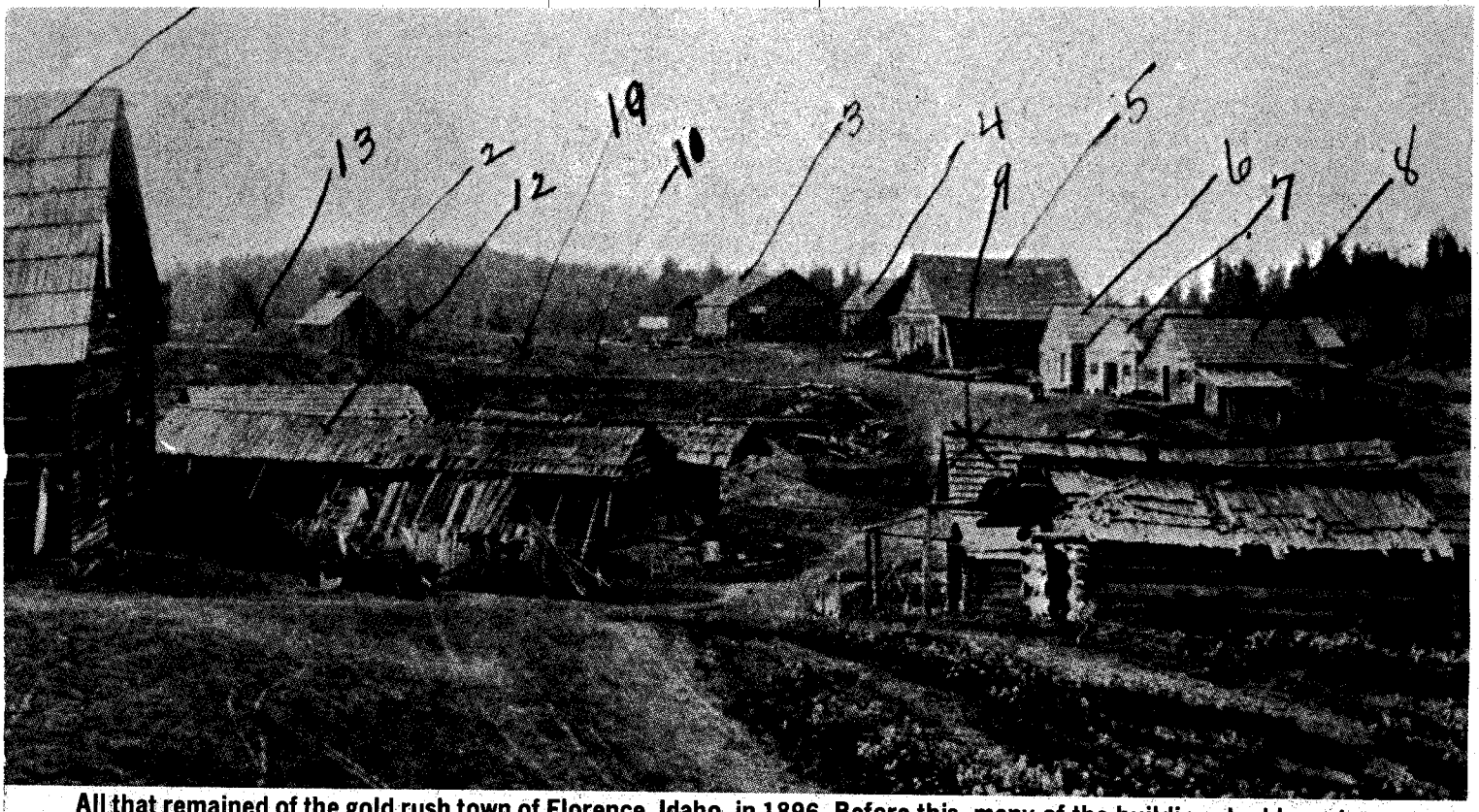


All that remained of the gold rush town of Florence, Idaho, in 1896. Before this, many of the buildings had been torn down and their floorboards mined for gold dust. #3 has been identified as Cherokee Bob's saloon, while #4 is the cabin he shared with Red-Headed Cynthia.

OLD Barney Owsley tilted his chair back against the porch wall and hooked his heels on the front rung. There was no curl to the brim of his XXX Beaver and its crown was rounded out in the old style. He lifted a finger to push the hat back off his forehead and chuckled lightly.

"Hell, yes, I knew Henry Talbotte. Never called him that, though. In fact, some folks likely were surprised to find out that was his real name. We called him Cherokee Bob." Barney chuckled again. "Didn't even know he had a middle initial until I seen it on his grave marker."

I'd found Barney Owsley at his Pomeroy, Washington, home. A good many of the people I'd asked about him thought he was a long time dead, but they were sure wrong. This was 1933, and Barney was almost 86 years old, but as alert and as full of vinegar as a man 30 years younger.

The reason I wanted to talk with Barney was because I'd heard he had known Cherokee Bob, one of early Idaho's orneriest bad men, killer of at least two in gun fights, and himself supposedly the victim of lead poisoning at the hands of a bunch of fed-up citizens.

Gravemarker of Cherokee Bob, whose real name was H.J. Talbotte.

And even though the events I talked with Barney about had happened 70 years before, he remembered them as vividly as if it was only a couple of months ago. What was more important, he carefully set the record straight, rubbing off some of the romantic varnish that people with faultier memories had spread over the story of Cherokee Bob



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A FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT OF HOW CHEROKEE BOB MET HIS DEMISE

# DEADLY BELLE of the BALL

By Fritz Timmen

Adams Camp, 15 miles south of Grangeville, Idaho, one of the principal stops on the pack trail between that town and the gold camp at Florence.

and his paramour, Cynthia.

It seems that Cherokee Bob drifted into Walla Walla about 1861 or 1862 . . . but let Barney Owsley tell the story in his own words.

Yeah, said Barney, that'd be about right. Sixty-two, I guess. In them days, Walla Walla wasn't much. Most important thing in town was the garrison, and then come the merchants and packers that were outfittin' the mines up around Colville and over in Idaho east of Lewiston. Between the soldier boys and the horse wranglers, things got kinda lively every once in a while.

'Course there was plenty of places where they could work off their excess spirits. Saloons was about four to the block and the honky-tonks danged near outnumbered them. And the girls. If they wasn't too good lookin', they was at least accommodatin' *(Continued from page 50)*



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# Love and Marriage—Old West Style

*Finding a mate was tough in the frontier days, but with a little ingenuity a partner could usually be found.*

**By Louise Riotte**

**Young Texas Couple. Brides in the old days did not always wear a wreathe and veil. Often they were unobtainable. Many wore dark dresses.**

New Orleans had it's "Casket Girls" and Indian Territory, later to become the state of Oklahoma, had it's "Mail Order Brides." Actually both were "good" women and many first families of today are proud to claim their descent from marriages which came about in this manner.

Finding a wife in Indian Territory days wasn't as easy as you might think—even for a wealthy man. There were, as nearly always happened in frontier settlements, fewer women than men. This may account, in part at least, for the great esteem and respect in which they were held.

A story, which appeared in the February 25, 1900, Wednesday evening edition of The Daily Ardmoreite in Indian Territory days, tells the story of the incredible good luck of a rich farmer who had the good fortune to have a choice. Not one, but two, lovely girls, twin sisters, were willing to wed Henry C. Bowing.

This is how the story was told: "Last November Alice and Alma, who are twins and whose home is in one of the upper mountain covers of the Tennessee country, read in a matrimonial newspaper of a gentleman who wished to correspond with a young lady not over twenty years of age with a view to matrimony. The advertiser stated that he was rich, had a nice home and his address was Vinita, Indian Territory.

The twins opened up communication with



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the man, whose name is Henry C. Bowing, a farmer of the Territory. Both girls have been in correspondence with Bowing ever since.

Nothing was kept from him, he being informed that the ladies were twins and photographs being exchanged, but the man from the Territory was unable to decide which of his fair correspondents he liked best. The girls were requested to visit the West and to have their 'big mountain brother' accompany them to see that the intentions were honorable and things were as represented.

For all of the expenses of the undertaking Bowing forwarded enough money for the party of three. The trio has just passed through Tullahoma on their way to Vinita, in the far West."

The newspaper item concluded, "The girls are pretty, modest and ladylike. One is a pronounced brunette while the other is a blonde. Their family is highly respected in the community where they live."

Try as I would I could not find out how this all came out—who married who—if indeed either of the girls married Mr. Bowing, but I think it may safely be assumed that, whether they found the "rich farmer" to their liking or not the girls had no problem at all in finding husbands. Women were too precious in those days for any "ornery, low down critter" to "tinker with their affections," especially as their "big mountain brother" was around to see that everything went in the right direction.

Another early day romance of a slightly later date had a story-book happy ending even though the heading of this story began "The Bride Was In Tears." The tears did indeed turn to smiles when the elusive groom appeared but before he finally showed up the young lady had a few bad moments. Here is how the Fort Worth Register tells the story:

"Ada M. Edlridge, a plump country girl of about twenty, with brown eyes and brown hair, entered police headquarters yesterday morning in tears. In the belt at her waist the girl wore a bit of bright ribbon. (Yep, that's how they recognized each other in them days.)

"My intended husband failed to meet me at the train," she said to Assistant Chief Jim Allen, between sobs, "And I don't know what to do."

She explained that she lived at Dodge, Texas, with a step-sister and that, through a matrimonial bureau, she had been led into correspondence with J.T. Sanford of Greenwood, Texas, a town near Decatur on the Denver.

Her step-sister had urged her to continue the correspondence and had even assisted her in writing the first letter.

Mr. Sanford was a widower with six children but he offered her kindly protection and a good home and she had accepted his proposal of marriage.

He was to have met her at the T & P Station and she was to wear a piece of ribbon at her belt in order that he might identify her.

She had explained her story to a sympathetic man on the train coming to Fort Worth.

"Why, how strange," he had said, "I am Mr. Sanford." (The dastardly villain, he was up to no good!)

"But he did not fit the description," the girl told Chief Allen, "And so I didn't trust him." (Smart girl, she wasn't so dumb after all!)

After hearing the girl's story Chief Allen suggested that, perhaps, Mr. Sanford's train was late and, therefore, he might not have reached the city in time to meet her. (Logical.)

This suggestion opened up a line of hopeful surmise for the girl and she dried away the tears and started out with the chief to find Mr. Sanford.

When on Main Street, walking toward the depot, the two were accosted by a man who quickly proved himself to be the male portion of the marital contract.

He had supplied himself with a marriage license (honorable fellow) before departing for Forth Worth. The couple went to the T and P Station, took possession of their luggage and then went to a hotel where the marriage knot was tied. They will leave for their future home this morning.



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***The custom of an extremely noisy serenade to the newlyweds on their honeymoon night was not always appreciated.***

Mr. Sanford explained to his bride and Chief Allen that her letter, announcing the date of her arrival here, did not reach him until Wednesday night and he just had time to catch the Denver train due here yesterday morning. The train, long delayed, caused him to arrive after his bride had left the depot. (See, the Chief was right—probably he'd had some experience along these lines before!)

"I was greatly worried when I saw that she wasn't in the station," said Mr. Sanford, "because I thought that she might have fallen into the hands of unscrupulous persons." (Mr. Sanford, she almost did!)

"I was starting for the police station," he continued, "when I saw a lady answering Miss Eldridge's description and wearing a piece of ribbon at her belt coming down Main Street with an officer, and the truth dawned on me."

"We never saw one another until today but we are satisfied."

Now that sounds like a happy ending if I ever heard one. As a matter of fact most of these marriages did work out surprisingly well for many reasons. Pioneer life wasn't easy, for one thing, what with crops for the men to look after, and kids and housework for the women. There just wasn't much time for any extra curricular activity.

Far be it from me to preach but it does look like keeping busy had a salutary effect on the morals of the community!

Another notice of an offer of marriage appeared in the Weekly Ardmoreite on April 23, 1900, under the heading of "Any Old Thing."

"An Olive, Indian Territory, widow, who has grown up children, in advertising for a husband, says that she wants 'a plain, ordinary man,' not less than 40 years of age. She reinforces the phrase 'plain, ordinary,' by adding that her prospective husband must not be good looking, also that she does not object to him flirting, drinking whiskey or chewing tobacco."

The paper concludes with this message:

"Almost any specimen of the genus homo who believes that he is able to fit these modest requirements can secure further information by addressing Mrs. Manda Wishcraft, Olive, Indian Territory."

Certainly we may smile at this today but the West with it's vast prairies could be a very lonely place back in the old days for the man or woman, who was left alone and those who wished to marry again often took a straightforward, practical way to go about letting it be known.

An advertisement, inserted in one of the many newspapers springing up through Indian Territory, was not socially frowned upon and often brought about the desired results.

Sometimes the results of a courtship could even get more exciting than the principals bargained for as shown by this incident which appeared in the Vinita, Indian Territory paper (and was reprinted in The Weekly Ardmoreite on May 8, 1902.:

"Two men, a pretty widow, and a shotgun were the principal actors in a three act comedy which took place near Collinsville a few days ago. Both men were shot with the same gun and the widow as the only witness.

A man named Johnson had been paying his respects to the lady for some time; everything was lovely and the goose hung high. But a rival appeared on the scene and, as is the custom in such cases, somebody got hurt.

When Johnson learned that his rival had actually been hired by his charmer to work on her farm, his anger reached the sawed-off place and, arming himself with a shotgun, he repaired to the abode of his heart's desire, with a look that indicated business.

Mr. Rival saw him coming, and started for the house on a run, but Johnson's aim was true, and down to earth went the fleeing man, with his anatomy filled with birdshot.

When Johnson saw what he had done he repented of his sin and assisted the wounded man to the house, and did what he could to



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alleviate his suffering, and then went out to give his attention to the stock, leaving the gun in the kitchen.

The wounded man got up, rammed another shell into the gun and, as Johnson was getting over the fence, at the point where he (the rival), had been shot, poured both loads into Johnson's body!"

You see, back there then "love" was a very dangerous commodity. But if courtship had it's problems the actual marriage ceremony was often performed under great difficulties also. One such marriage, caused by a dearth of ministers at Muldrow, Indian Territory, brought about the first marriage by telephone in the Territory. Here is how this story was reported on April 19, 1902:

"Sallisaw, I.T. saw the culmination of an early day romance. With a long-distance telephone as the medium of communication with the minister at Sallisaw, Miss Victoria Sullivan and John Dowday were married at Muldrow.

An unexpected dearth of parsons at Muldrow necessitated the employment of the Sallisaw minister and he, being unable to arrive on schedule time, the bride, who is the long-distance operator at Muldrow, suggested the telephone as the only solution to the difficulty.

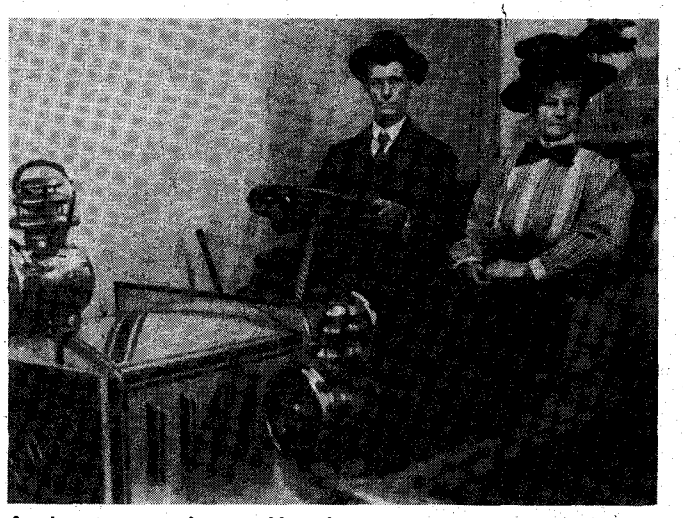
Before the ceremony was performed Miss Sullivan's fellow operators in the Northern district were notified, and all the lines were connected with Muldrow.

The entire system answered "busy" until the ceremony and congratulations were completed.

This is the first marriage by telephone in the history of Indian Territory."

Now, if you think that after the young couple got married things were all settled and they could go their way in peace you are very much mistaken. Getting married was considered not only a serious matter for the couple but one which must be properly celebrated by all their friends (maybe even their enemies!), as well. As witness the early day custom of "Charivari," an extremely noisy serenade to the newlyweds in which everybody that could got into the act.

This custom, sometimes spelled "Shivaree" has long ago fallen into disrepute but once no wedding was considered complete with one. In fact the young couple in most instances would have been definitely hurt if their friends had failed to serenade them with this mock parade around the house, making as much noise as possible by beating on kettles or tooting tin horns. The "callithump" as it was also sometimes called was not considered successful unless it was as rowdy and discordant as possible.



**Anniversary couple posed in a dummy car set up at the photographers studio.**

With an attitude like this there were necessarily times when the party got out of hand and the serenaders were unappreciated. On one such instance a Kansas man who did not like midnight music and took a dim view of the whole goings-on sued the charivari party. It happened like this:

"Wichita, Kansas, July 30, 1902—Because they took part in a charivari party in Valley Centre on April 24th of this year, eighteen young men and women of Valley Centre are being sued for $10,000 damages, John Gilchrist is the plaintiff.

He claims that his son was married on that date and, with his bride, came to spend their honeymoon at his home. On the night following the wedding the party came to the Gilchrist home and commenced to raise a disturbance.

When the bride and bridegroom did not make an appearance, the party tore down the fence, broke window lights, stole chickens and loosed all the stock.



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They also frightened the bride and her mother-in-law so that they were sick for some time."

It really does seem as if those light hearted celebrants did somewhat overdo things!

No story about the marriage customs of the Old West would be complete without including this story which appeared in the May 8, 1902, issue of The Weekly Ardmoreite under the heading "Weddings Will Be Feature of Final Closing of Cherokee Rolls."

"A Vinita, Indian Territory, special says a feature of the final closing of the citizenship rolls of the Cherokee nation, August 31, will be the number of marriages which will follow. With the closing of the rolls the intermarried whites who have lost their Indian wives can marry whom they please without losing their rights of tribal citizenship.

At present any intermarried white who marries a woman not of Cherokee blood forfeits all of his rights.

Through inquiries received by the clerks of the courts in regard to the date when marriage licenses could be taken out with safety, it is estimated that several hundred weddings will be solemnized September 1, within the limits of the Cherokee Nation."

From which it would appear that all was not entirely smooth sailing for the Indians and intermarrieds either.

Everybody I have written about so far have been "average," law abiding citizens—how did love, courtship the law? Variously, but they were no more intimate from Cupid's darts than other, less spectacular men. Many of these men were married and many were surprisingly faithful.

Among the women who "stuck" with bad men through thick and thin was Virginia Slade. She once saved her husband, Joseph A. Slade, when he was doomed to hang by riding at breakneck speed to smuggle guns concealed in her clothing to him. That time both escaped as they came out firing and rode away but later when Slade was taken by vigilantes, tried and found guilty he was not so lucky. Sentenced to hang he begged for just one more minute with his dear wife but his captors, remembering what had happened the last time, refused. He was strung up. Mrs. Slade riding up at the last minute at full gallop, claimed the body and took it away to Salt Lake City for burial.

Notorious Jesse James was a good husband and father. In fact, he is supposed to have been helping his wife hang a picture when he was shot in the back by Charley Ford.

And then there was Jim Younger. Love was Jim's undoing and half the state of Minnesota got tangled up in the resulting confusion over whether Jim was alive or dead!

The first news of this was carried in the August 20, 1902 issue of the Fort Worth Register and reprinted in The Weekly Ardmoreite:

"A legal question has been sprung on the lawyers of Minnesota, that is imparting life to the fraternity while the warm session is on. As is well known, the Younger brothers, who were sent to prison for life in that state, have been paroled and are now confined to the state of Minnesota.

Jim Younger met and loved a comely maid and they would have been wed but for an unlooked for legal difficulty. In the eyes of the law, a man sent to the penitentiary for life is dead. The paroling of the Youngers was not a lawful restoration to life. Jim Younger was and is a dead man. A dead man cannot marry. In the face of such an extraordinary legal complication, Cupid backed out and quit the game."

But though Cupid may have quit, Jim Younger didn't. He submitted the question of whether or not he could wed to Governor Van Sant who handed down a surprising decision. Here is what he said:

"In Minnesota a man who was a life prisoner is legally dead. The only way he can make any binding contract in the eyes of the law, is through the Board which pardons him and, in this case, the State Board of Control, which Board is empowered to enter a contract for him. It is not probable, however, that the three members of the Board of Control, separately or as a whole, will agree



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to enter into a marriage with any woman for the benefit of the paroled life convict. The only way for Jim Younger to become a married man in Minnesota is to get a pardon which will restore him to the rights of a living citizen."

Now things were really getting snarled up as will be seen from the next paragraph:

"Discussion of the effect of the legal death of a convict brought out the question—what would happen if some person should shoot and kill one of the Youngers? If they are already dead, how could they be killed deader? What crime would the slayer be guilty of? This is a question that Minnesota lawyers are debating and as there are no precedents there is no decision."

Finally things got to be just too much even for the persistent Jim and on October 19, 1902, the final outcome of Jim's unhappy dilemma was published:

"Jim Younger dead. Legally dead, he could not marry. Found relief in suicide. James Younger who, with his brothers, Coleman and Bob, and Jesse and Frank James, made an effort to rob the First National Bank of Northfield, September 7, 1876, shot himself in the right temple with a revolver this morning and died soon afterward.

Eight months ago the Youngers were paroled and shortly afterward James asked for the privilege of marrying a young woman who was a member of the family of Deputy Warren during his prison term. The Attorney-General would not permit the marriage because he said Younger, being legally dead, no license could be legally issued. Younger brooded constantly over this love affair and refers to it in his letter left to the public today."

Jim Younger wasn't the only outlaw whose affairs got muddled up. Polk Wells, a daring, fearless desperado robber about whose exploits volumes could be written, at one time paid court to a young woman named "Nora." He left her and married her cousin, Mattie. Polk and Mattie lived and loved happily for two years until she died. Her last request was for Polk to marry Nora which he obligingly did. It seems they also dwelt in wedded bliss and had one child, a daughter who died young.

Communications were bad in those days and when Nora was told that Polk had been killed she married a man named G.A. Warnica. The report was false, however, and Polk returned. Both gentlemen, they left the choice to Nora, who found herself unable to decide between them.

Thereupon Polk made the decision. He slipped away leaving the two with a gift of $300 and a shotgun. Later Polk was captured and imprisoned in an Ohio penitentiary. While here he told his own story in an autobiography. And guess who published this? Warnica.

Young Roy Bean, in later life to become "The Law West of the Pecos" once killed a California Frenchman in a dramatic duel. For this he was hanged and left for dead. But Roy had a tough neck and the senoritas, with whom he found great favor, watched their chance and cut him down. Unfortunately, even though he lived, he was not completely without a souvenir of that memorable day. Ever afterwards his neck was slightly crooked. He didn't seem to mind too much, however, for years later he often delighted in telling how it all happened.

Not all the romances of the outlaws ended disastrously. The boy with the bow scored decisively in one instance at least—with little Al Jennings, probably the smallest bandit. He weighed only 120 pounds and was barely over five feet tall, but he was the nerviest bank and train robber, and one of the toughest hombres old Oklahoma produced.

But look what happened when love kicked him in the face! He reformed, married Miss Nellie Bunyan, the society editor of The eader, and practiced law with his brother-partner in Oklahoma City. As a matter of fact Al became so popular that he lacked only five hundred of twelve thousand votes of being elected County Attorney!

Nevertheless, studying the overall picture, it would seem that the "course of true love," which has always had its problems, encountered more than it's share back in the days of the old, old West. ●



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## THE OREGON MISSIONARY MASSACRE

*(Continued from page 7)*

Mcloughlin again prevailed upon the new arrivals to accept the protection (and domination) of his company, and build nearby. But Dr. Whitman had a mind of his own. He selected two other sights, one at Waiilatpu, 25 miles from Fort Walla Walla, and another at Lapwai, 120 miles away. Dr. Mcloughlin generously offered them his assistance.

While the husbands were clearing land and building log houses and chapels, Narcissa and Eliza stayed at the factor's headquarters, dining daily, according to Narcissa's letters, on "roast duck, salmon, boiled pork, sturgeon, and tripe." In the evenings the men loved to toast the ladies with wine, which made them blush prettily and protest in vain that they were members of the "Tetotal Society." So it was a test of Narcissa's character when she, now pregnant for four months, left the hospitable Mcloughlin for the wilderness, with winter approaching.

The factor's rugged face registered worry as he watched the two women climb into a small boat manned by Marcus, and quickly disappear in a blinding rainstorm. Shrugging his powerful shoulders, the factor turned and slowly mounted the river bank. After all, they were the first white women to cross the Rockies; perhaps they possessed an inner strength which could match the rugged frontier. Time would tell.

The selection of sites for missions had also involved a search for Indians who would learn Christianity. Upon their arrival, the men found that the tribes vied with one another for the honor of hosting the missionaries; it seemed that they were all friendly, and eager to learn from the white man's "little black book." Now Dr. Whitman made a very unfortunate choice. He selected Waiilatpu, home of the Cayuse Indians, while Lapwai, with its Nez Perces, fell to Spalding and Gray.

The first few months were spent stocking and organizing their new home, tending cattle brought from California, and in clearing the land. From the start of their work in Oregon, Narcissa wrote many letters home, describing their experiences. The Indians, it seemed, "were like children," always in their way, entering their house at any time, and stealing anything, despite Marcus' sermons. Narcissa mentioned a chief Umtippe,saying that he was "full of all manner of hypocrisy, deceit, and guile".

Dr. Whitman, in his somewhat austere, aloof manner, tried his best to teach Christianity to the natives, but met increasing resistance to his sermons. The congregation dwindled to a few sullen individuals.

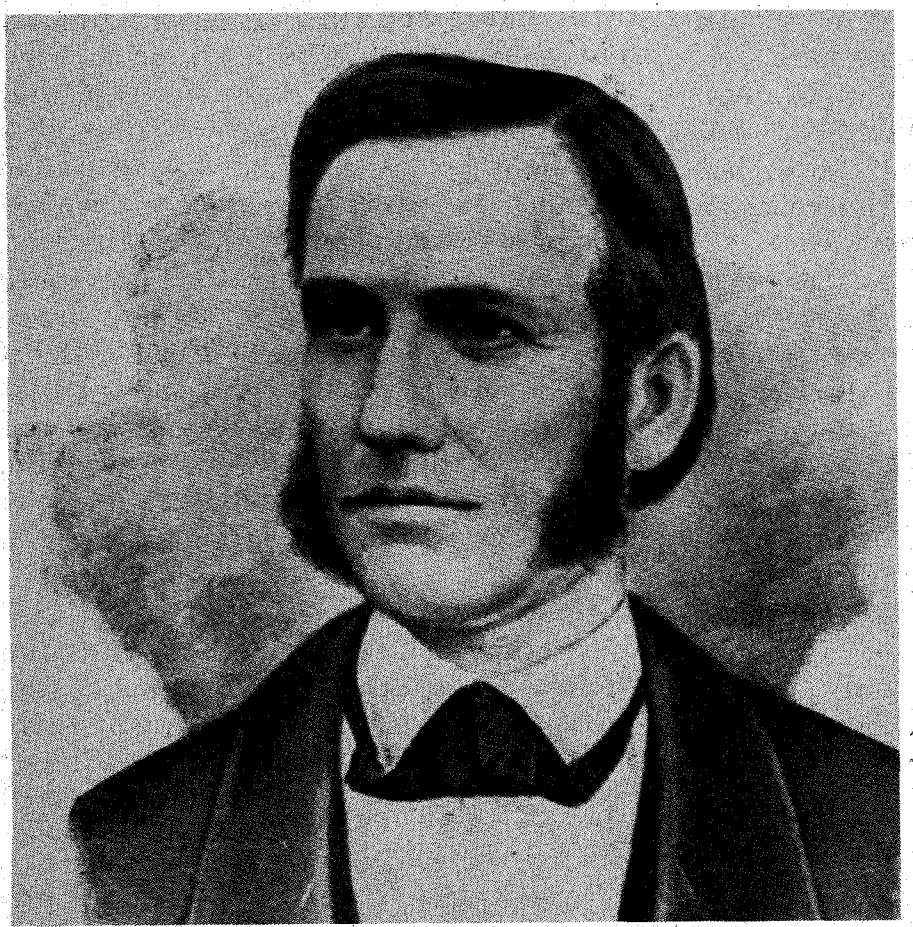
The first few months in their new mission were lonely for Narcissa, who was a well-bred, social person at home, and missed the companionship of her friends and family. Besides the curious Cayuse Indians who wandered at will through the house, her only contact with the outside world had been an occassional visit of half-starved emigrants from the States, who depleted them sorely of their meager stores. Then on her twenty-ninth birthday, Narcissa gave birth to a baby girl, a charming, blue-eyed blonde child she named Alice Clarissa.

Narcissa's little daughter filled the terrible vacuum in her life at the mission, and even improved relations with the Indians, who wanted to call the child "Cayuse TE-MI," meaning "Cayuse Girl," for she was born in their land.

But the drudgery of keeping house in the wilderness, and the almost impossible task Marcus had of teaching the Indians how to tend their stock, how to use a hoe, etc., and treating their ills with his simple store of medical supplies, was enough to exhaust any pair of humans. Finally, at the end of two years, they were surprised and strengthened by the appearance of nine missionaries at Waiilatpu, arriving in Oregon country to establish more missions. This brought the number of Presbyterian ministers in Oregon to thirteen.

The Whitmans greatly appreciated more crusaders in Oregon, but their crowding into the small living quarters was almost unbearable. So it was with relief when they saw the newcomers leave Waiilatpu.

THEN came a fateful day in 1839, when Alice Clarissa was 2½ years old. While Marcus was in another room reading his Bible and Narcissa was busily preparing lunch, the little girl spotted two pretty cups on the kitchen table. Barely able to reach them, she toddled



**Dr. Marcus Whitman, murdered missionary. No picture of Dr.Whitman is in existence. The above portrait was drawn from a photograph of Rev. Marcus Whitman Montgomery, who resembled Dr. Whitman very closely. Changes were made under the supervision of the family, who pronounced this a very correct likeness.**



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out the open back door of the house, clutching the cups like two new toys.

When dinner was ready Narcissa searched the house for little Alice, and not seeing her, sent their Indian housemaid to bring her home. Not finding her, and saying nothing, the girl started to gather vegetables from the garden. In the meantime, a servant strolled into the kitchen, mentioning that he had seen two cups floating in the river. Marcus called from the other room to forget it; they could retrieve them after the Sabbath. But Narcissa, at the mention of the cups, stopped suddenly in the middle of the floor, staring wide-eyed at the table, where she had remembered placing two of her best cups that morning, at breakfast. Her face blanched, and her voice was tremulous as she screamed, "Where is Alice? Where is the Indian girl I sent for her?" She whirled to the open door. "Oh, my God! The river!"

At the sound of his wife's terrified scream, Marcus dashed through the kitchen and outside, running to the river, followed by Narcissa and the servants. An old Indian found the child's body held under water by a submerged root.

Narcissa never had another child, and it was clear that the loss of little Alice brought on the loss of a force within her, a vital part of her energy and drive. The one bright spot in these days of interminable drudgery had been extinguished forever.

The pair stuck it out at the mission for another eight years — a testimony to their earnestness, their selfless desire to aid settlers and Indians, spiritually and physically.

The one thought which inspired Dr. Whitman above everything else was the settling of the Northwest by Americans, before the English could add it to their empire. Thus he was gratified when he met the first prospective settlers, who stopped at his mission before tackling the last stretch of their journey to the coast. He sensed that this was the beginning of a great migration.

However, there was a constant bickering among the missions themselves, as well as trouble with their Indian charges. These differences, although petty, reached the attention of the Board in Boston. Poisonous letters from Rev. Spalding, Narcissa's old suitor, describing the Whitmans' efforts as a dismal failure, brought things to a head. All Presbyterians suddenly received an official letter from Boston, ordering them to abandon their missions immediately and return to the States.

Marcus volunteered to go back to Boston to plead with the Board to clarify their minor grievances and to explain that the missions were America's only hope of bringing settlers to the region. He left in the winter, facing a perilous trek across hostile Indian country. He took with him a trapper as guide, and several friendly Indians from the area of the mission. Narcissa urged him to go, although she was suffering from failing health. Also, she had an abdominal growth which threatened her life seriously.

Marcus made the almost impossible journey without serious mishap, talked the Board into a continuance of its far west missions, urged the members to give the missionaries a chance to prove themselves, and returned safely in the spring of 1843.

Increasing numbers of emigrants stopped at the Whitmans', and discovered the land to be rich in firs and farmland, great for cattle, with a lucrative port for trade with the orient, and unexplored riches in lumber and mineral deposits.

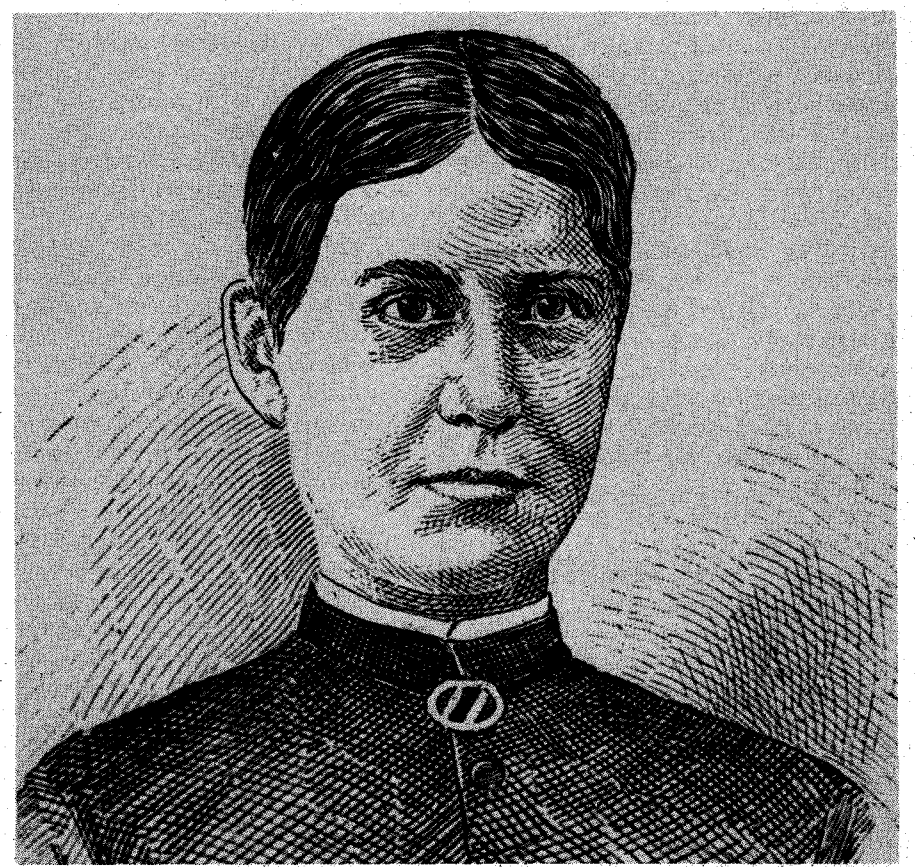
But the Whitmans made little progress with the Indians, for the Cayuse were the most unreliable tribe in this area. Marcus was insulted, threatened, and derided by many of the braves. He tried "turning the other cheek," or ignoring their taunts. But there was serious trouble brewing with the natives. But if Dr. Whitman noticed this threat he did not mention it.

THE morning of November 29, 1847 was damp, cold, with a clammy fog hugging the ground. The mission had become a cross between a hospital for sick emigrants and Indians and a stopover point for travellers.

Most of the patients were either coming down with measles or recovering from the disease. One of the emigrant children who had been adopted by the Whitmans was winding twine in the kitchen. Sewing, cooking, and tending the sick occupied others. Noontime and lunch for the crowd went as usual.

Two Cayuse Indians, Tamahas and Tilaukait appeared at the mission in the early afternoon, asking for medicines. They were sent to the doctor's treatment room. In moments there was a commotion and Marcus burst from the room, running for the front door. The two Indians were on his heels, one of them brandishing a tomahawk.

Outdoors, the terrified doctor tried to fend off their blows, but was struck on the head and shoulders repeatedly with the tomahawk, falling to the ground in a



**Narcissa Whitman, wife of Dr. Whitman, also a victim of the Indian massacre.**



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pool of blood. The Indians then quickly dispatched another man who tried to intervene and ran away, leaving their two victims sprawled at the entrance of the mission.

Mrs. Whitman, who had been bathing an Indian child in another room, ran outside to her bleeding husband. She and two other women dragged Marcus indoors to a settee, where they feverishly tried to stop the blood which was spurting from deep gashes in his scalp.

Then, without warning, Indians attacked from every direction, their piercing war-whoops mingling with the screams of women and children inside the structure. Narcissa ran to the door to peer outside, and staggered back screaming, a bullet wound under her left arm. She stumbled to the group huddled in the center of the room, led them up a narrow stairway to the second-story bedroom. Then the front door was flung open and Indians charged inside.

Tamsucky, known as a friendly Indian, shouted that they could come down safely; he would lead them to security in the nearest fort. Narcissa followed the Indian brave downstairs.

Weak from loss of blood, Narcissa was borne from the house on a couch carried by two men. As soon as they were outside, a fusillade of shots rang out on both sides, and the two men fell dead, spilling Narcissa into the deep mud. Several bullets struck her body. Now two Indians reached her, and one pulled her head up by the hair and struck her viciously across the face with his quirt. They soon dispatched their frail victim. It was said that survivors, hiding nearby, could hear the doctor moaning far into the night, outliving his wife by several hours.

For the next few days the Indians returned daily to the mission's storerooms, feasting and making the white women cook for them. What else happened to these women is not recorded, but it is known that Narcissa was the only woman killed among fourteen whites slain. Forty-seven were captured and later ransomed.

Historians have concurred that Dr. Whitman's efforts to establish an oasis for emigrants was an unqualified success. And they have agreed that the physician-missionary was probably the most important sponsor for making Oregon a territory of the United States. The treaty annexing Oregon as a territory, including the present states of Washington and Oregon, was ratified on June 10, 1846, shortly before the tragic death of the Whitmans. ●

## THE VIGILANTES

*(Continued on page 33)*

such arch villains as Cyrus Skinner, Boone Helm; Ned Ray, Bill Bunton, and Jack Cleveland.

Plummer's stay in Oro Fino was a relatively short one, terminated by his implication in the murder of popular Patrick Ford, proprietor of the Big Nugget Saloon. With the law closing in on them, the gang scattered; Plummer heading east again; this time in company with his best friend, Jack Cleveland. But even friendship could not survive jealousy. At the J.P. Vail ranch, sixty miles out of Fort Benton, they met Electa Bryan, the comely sister of Vail's wife. Both men paid her court but Plummer's extensive prior experience paid off. He won hands down. In fact, the lovely Electa promised to marry him.

However, for the time being, he moved on to Bannack without her. Cleveland, rankled by jealousy, arrived in the town ahead of his erstwhile friend where, to salve his injured pride, he began spreading a few secrets about Plummer's beclouded past—a past the latter was most anxious to leave behind him. For Cleveland it was a fatal mistake. He was fast with a handgun, but Plummer was faster. So, on January 14, 1862, Cleveland died and Plummer began his fantastic Jekyll and Hyde career.

Incidentally, on June 20, 1863, he returned to the Vail ranch and married Electa; proof positive that in at least that one instance of his philandering exploits, his intentions were honorable.

In the meantime the whole of the old Oro Fino gang, with the exception of the dead Cleveland, had reconvened at the Rattlesnake ranch fifteen miles out of Bannack. The area was ideally suited to their nefarious plans. The placers at Grasshopper Creek and at Alder Gulch were booming. Stagecoaches and pack trains were weighted with gold being transported to the "outside." It was like California's palmiest days all over again. And, like California, it had become the gathering place of the world's hoodlums.

Plummer found no lack of recruits. By mid-summer of 1862 his band numbered fifty-three members, divided into two main segments—one working the Bannack area from the Rattlesnake ranch; and the other, the Alder Gulch district from another hide-out called "Robbers' Roost." There followed a systematic rape of both districts of such mammoth proportions that within the next two years they not only committed more than a thousand robberies but, in doing so, piled up a recorded one hundred and two murders. In all probability there were as many more, not recorded; men that simply turned up missing; their bodies never found.

By the end of 1863 their depredations had become so frequent and so un-opposed that the stage and freight lines threathened to quit business. Police and courts were helpless; either because of being party to the situation or for fear of reprisals.

Throughout this whole period of mayhem and skull-duggery Henry Plummer remained smiling and debonair. By some strange freak of human error he had gotten himself elected Sheriff of both the Bannack and Alder Gulch districts, a strange and masterful accomplishment that literally let him rob Peter with one hand while paying Paul with the other. He was the brain behind every robbery and murder being committed. At the same time, he was the leader of every posse that went in pursuit of the criminals. Gradually the fact began to seep into the minds of the harrassed miners that there was a mysterious correlation between the two; the robberies continued unabated while the posses invariably failed to find the culprits.

Finally the situation became so intolerable that the citizenry lost all faith in their sheriff and in other minions of the law. Only one alternative remained—the Vigilantes!

So, on the 23rd day of November, 1863, they borrowed a page from California's recent history. Forty good men and true convened in Pfouts and Wallace's store for the sole purpose of "ar-



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resting thieves and murderers, and recovering stolen property." To facilitate their task, they prepared a list of the twenty-three most wanted men; the twenty-three most heinous offenders. Henry Plummer's name topped the list!

However, he was not the first to pay the Vigilante price. George Ives was.

George had murdered a young German lad, "Dutch" Thiebalt, for the two hundred dollars he carried in payment for a fine span of mules he had just sold and was delivering to the new owner's ranch. Ives shot him; but the bullet only creased the boy's skull, knocking him out of the saddle, but failing to kill him. Ives then roped him by the neck; dragged him into a thicket, and left him there for the freezing winter weather to finish the job. It did. Nine days later Thiebalt's body was found frozen stiff by a passing rancher, William Parker. Parker took it into Bannack and lost no time in reporting his gruesome find to the Committee. Suspicion pointed to Ives. He was traced to the Rattlesnake ranch; captured, and returned to Old Town, (also known as Nevada City), where he was tried, convicted and forthwith hanged, December 21, 1863.

Others followed in staccato regularity: Erastus (Red) Yager and G.W. Brown on January 4, 1864—hanged side by side to a tree in the Stinkwater Valley. Next, six days later, came Ned Ray, Buck Stinson; and the King Pin himself, Henry Plummer. Ironically, they met their doom on the very gallows Plummer had had erected on the out-skirts of Bannack during his tenancy as sheriff. Incidentally, when it came his turn to go, all his old bravado melted in a maudlin plea to be spared; and, only at the last moment, when immediate death was inevitable, did he dredge up enough courage to face it with at least a modicum of manhood.

"Dutch John" Wagner and Joe Pizanthia followed Plummer, Ray, and Stinson by one day, January 11, 1864. Wagner went stoically to his doom beneath the rafters of the same building in Bannack where Plummer's body lay awaiting burial. Sight of it destroyed his last hope of self survival. He had been captured several days earlier by Neil Howie while attempting to escape to Salt Lake City and was returned to Bannack for trial. His last words were a confession of his misdeeds. His last act was writing a letter to his mother admitting the justice of the sentence about to be consummated.

The execution of Joe Pizanthia that same day was far from being so routine. Joe, called "The Greaser," was one of the most vicious of Plummer's gang. A killer and a robber with no more compassion for his victims than a coyote has for the rabbit. Unlike Wagner, he was determined to fight; declaring that "no goddamned stranglers" would ever take him alive. They didn't. He holed up in his cabin on the outskirts of town wherein he had secreted an arsenal of rifles, shotguns, and handguns. The Vigilantes came after him several hundred strong and laid seige to his fortress. Two of them, George Copely and Smith Ball, tried foolheartedly to crash the front door. Copely died for his brashness. Ball was lucky enough to escape with a thigh wound. For a while other efforts failed despite several shots fired from a borrowed army howitzer. Finally they charged the cabin enmasse from all sides only to find that Pizanthia was already dead. To make sure of it, the wounded Ball emptied his revolver into the inert body. Even this was not enough to satisfy the enraged attackers. In a frenzy of vengeance, they set fire to the cabin; hanged the corpse; riddled it with bullets; then tossed it onto the fire.

With the exception of Boone Helm, the next 5 of Plummer's men to be caught were run-of-the-mill bandits with no special distinguishing talents. But Helm was a bird of a different plumage. He was a self-proclaimed cannibal; boasting of having staved off hunger on at least three occasions by dining on human flesh. Whether he killed his victims for food or ate them only after they had died of other causes is a mute question which he neither confirmed nor denied.

He was also the most prolific killer in the gang; confessing to at least twelve murders and suspected of as many more. His first recorded one was that of his best friend, Littlebury Shoot, back in his home town of Log Branch, Monroe County, Missouri, at the early age of eighteen. It seems that he was mad at friend Shoot because Shoot wouldn't go West with him. Finally, despite his villainy, he possessed one redeeming feature which he more than adequately proved at his hangings —bravery. He asked no favors; said no prayers; comforted those to hang beside him; and died with a grin on his face.

The next group to be caught brought the total purge to twenty-two; all of whom had been captured, tried, convicted, and executed within a span of only one month and four days, confirming, as promised, that Vigilante Justice would be swift, sure, and permanent.

Only two names remained on the original list of wanted men—William Hunter and R.C. Rawley. Both had fled town at the first sign of Vigilante activity; Hunter to the Gallitin Valley; and Rawley into Bannack's adjacent hills. Hunter was tracked down and captured twenty miles above the mouth of the Gallitin River on February 3rd, 1865. He was tried on the spot and hanged to a tree within full view of the road; a ghoulish warning to others of his ilk.

As for Rawley, he made the imbecilic mistake of returning to the scene of his crimes. Nine months after departing Bannack in one whale of a hurry he boldly resurfaced in nearby New Jerusalem, where whiskey and a loose tongue cost him his life. When drunk, a condition during most of his waking hours, he reviled the Vigilantes while extolling the virtues of "The Innocents," the name the Plummer gang had selected for itself. Understandably, the Vigilantes resented his calumnies and lost no time in calling him to account.

After a trial that re-hashed all his former transgressions, to which he confessed, he was



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marched to Hangman's Gulch and hanged to the same gallows that had claimed Henry Plummer. He was the last of "The Innocents" to pay the Vigilante price. However, there were nine executions before the Committee was finally disbanded in March, 1866, its mission accomplished.

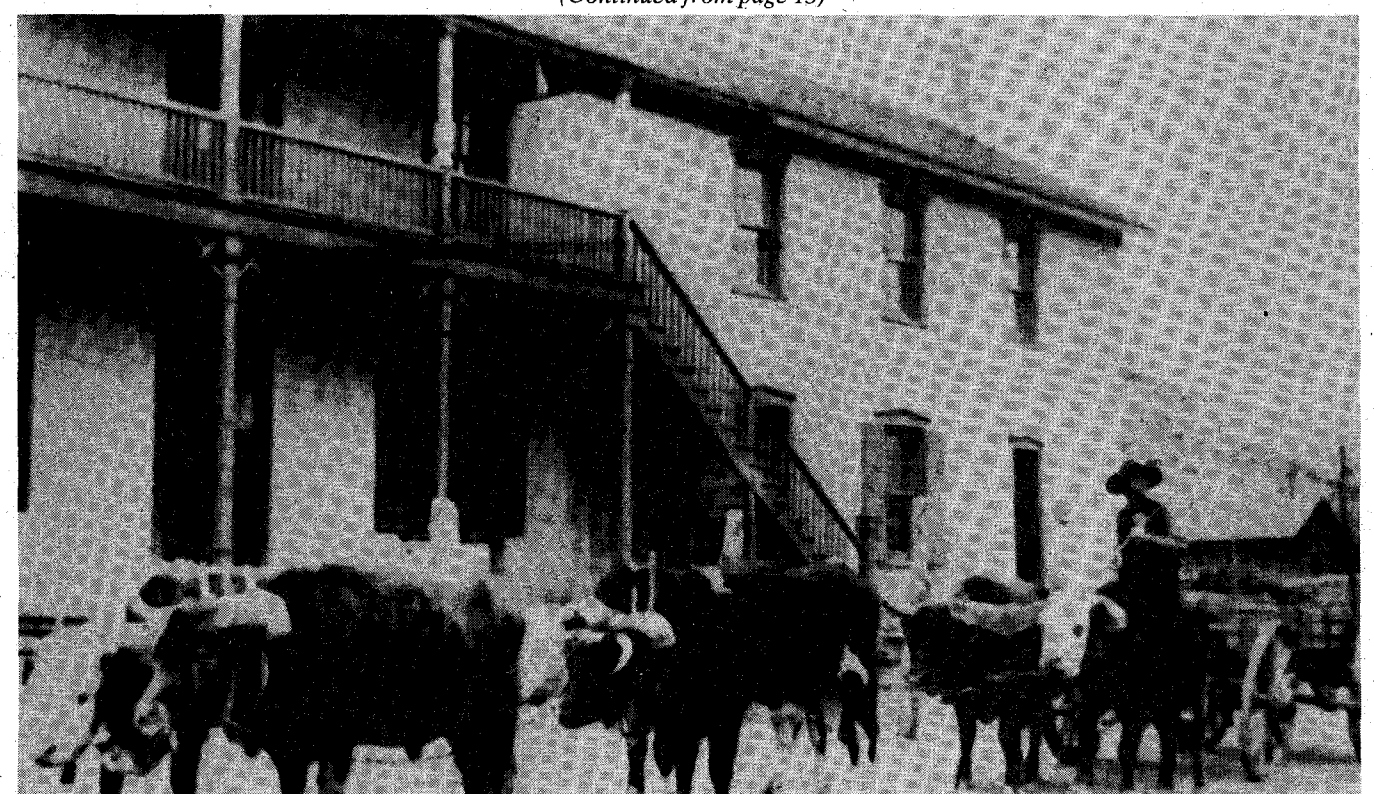
There you have them—the bare-bones statistics of the Vigilante story; necessarily limited to San Francisco, the area of its beginning, and to what is now Montana, where it bloomed and died. It was a macabre chapter of the Old West that many historians ignore. Others, especially those of the "ivory tower" category, gloss over in an obvious hurry to be done with it. Still others revile it; branding it "lynch law" or "mob rule;" debasing it as a disgraceful chapter of Americana on a par or worse than the very lawlessness it sought to suppress.

This article champions none of them. It merely states the facts and leaves the decision to the reader.

However, regardless of your decision; regardless of whether you condemn or condone it, ONE IRREFUTABLE TRUTH REMAINS—*IT WORKED!* ●

## WHO SLEEPS IN BILLY THE KID'S TOMB?

*(Continued from page 13)*



Lincoln County Courthouse in background as oxen pass in the street. From this building, Billy the Kid killed two guards as he escaped in April, 1881. (Courtesy The Old Lincoln County Memorial Commission.)

Roberts knew many details of the Lincoln County War which baffled historians. He spoke of the physical layout of the old Lincoln County courthouse, traits of the many characters taking part in the battles, and other matters known only to scholars. There could be little doubt that he had been in Lincoln during the famous five-day battle in July, 1878. His story was simply incredible.

Morrison felt so strongly about Brushy Bill's claim that he assisted the aged man in a request for an official pardon for crimes committed under the name of William Bonney. Roberts desired to clear his conscience and live his remaining days as a free man using his real name.

In November, 1950, Roberts and Morrison traveled from Robert's home in Texas to Santa Fe for a hearing before the Governor of New Mexico. Brushy Bill returned a broken man. The governor had failed to recognize the request and there would be no pardon. On December 27, Bill's heart stopped and he died in the street near his home.

The question must remain, Did Pat Garrett pass off Billy Barlow's body as Billy the Kid's and did Bonney live in obscurity into his 90's? While it is possible, it is highly unlikely. The details would have had to be worked out in advance of the shooting and of necessity included many residents of Fort Sumner friendly to the Kid and just as unfriendly to Garrett. The sheriff could not have failed to secure a committment of Bonney spending his entire future incognito; neither could afford Billy being recognized stealing horses a few weeks later. Because Garrett was a prideful man and he would have lived fearful of discovery, it is difficult to believe that he would participate in any such subterfuge. Yet at this late date, a conclusive answer will not be forthcoming.

Whose bones, if any, rest beneath the tombstone at Fort Sumner? Several events have taken place at the gravesite



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since 1881, and they add up to uncertainty.

The cemetery had been abandoned by the military when the fort closed in 1869. Fort Sumner had commanded a reservation for the Mescalero Apaches and Navajo Indians from 1863 until 1868. Known as *Bosque Redondo* (Round Grove) because of a dense grove of cottonwood trees, the reservation confined 9500 Indians in 1864. When General William T. Sherman visited the fort and viewed the deplorable conditions, he immediately recommended that the tribes be transferred. Finally, the soldiers and their wards left the fort and it slowly fell to ruin.

Several times in later years, the cemetery was flooded by heavy rains. Bodies washed out and were reburied as near as could be determined in their original location. Undoubtedly, many mistakes were made. It is conceivable that civilian and military bones became mixed.

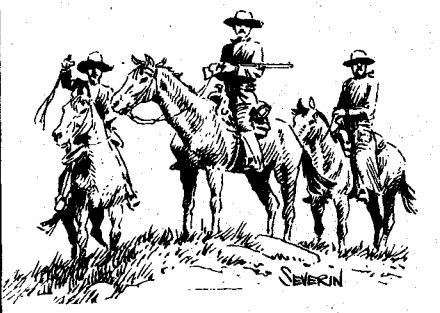
Some years after Billy was killed, the military returned to collect the soldiers' remains. Of course by this time, the graves were no longer well marked so the detail simply exhumed what bodies they felt belonged to the government and transferred them to the Santa Fe National Cemetery. The bones of Billy the Kid may have gone along.

Since the original wooden grave marker had long ago surrendered to the elements, the plot itself was lost with the advance of time. In 1902, Pat Garrett returned to the overgrown resting place in an effort to locate the exact plot for author Emerson Hough. After some rambling through the tumbleweeds, Garrett pointed to the spot where he thought Billy was interred. Later, this location was marked with a tombstone enscribed, "The Boy Bandit King — He Died As He Lived." This stone disappeared from the grave in 1950 and was replaced with a concrete tablet entitled "Pals." In 1976, the original stone was discovered on a ranch near Granbury, Texas and it has been returned to the fort.

Again the question is unsettled. Does the currently advertised gravesite belong to the man killed in Maxwell's bedroom nearly 100 years ago? The only way to answer that is disinterment and that is unlikely. However, should exhumation occur, and nothing is found, this would prove Garrett was mistaken when he pointed out the grave in 1902. Should bones be found, there is a way to determine if they belonged to the body removed from Maxwell's.

An article appeared in the *New Mexico State Tribune* on March 17, 1930 that reveals the needed clue. The story is told by the daughter of former Paulita Maxwell who was in the home on the fateful night. Paulita was Pete Maxwell's sister, and she related the details to her daughter many years later. Paulita discounts any romantic involvement with the young outlaw although this link has been mentioned in countless writings.

When the body, which she declares did belong to Billy the Kid, was prepared for burial, a much too large white shirt donated by Pete Maxwell was used to cover the wound made by Garrett's bullet. To make it fit, three large saddle blanket safety pins were used to take a tuck in the back, and as she said, "If there is ever any doubt about which of the graves in the old cemetery is his, it will be easy to identify it by these pins." ●




## AMERICAN HOME TOWNS: TOMBSTONE, TOO TOUGH TO DIE

*(Continued from page 29)*

you're the only one I know who can help me."

Griffith did risk his life inspecting the area near the Tombstone but disappointed Schieffelin by saying the ground was worthless. However, he helped Schieffelin make a legal claim, and the Tombstone Mine came into being on September 3, 1877.

Determined that he was right in his opinion that his claim was a rich one, Schieffelin got his younger brother Al to join him. Both men had strong mining instincts, but Al was much more cautious than Ed, and felt Tombstone would be a failure, as did William Griffith.

To prove he was right, Ed Schieffelin sought out Richard Gird, then the best known assayer in the Far West, and a man who was a very good mining engineer.

When Gird saw the Schieffelin claim, he became very excited, but when Ed Schieffelin picked ore from an exposed ledge, Gird impatiently threw the specimen away and walked a couple of dozen feet to another ledge and studied it carefully.

"You had the wrong pocket, Ed," he told Schieffelin. "Let's follow this vein in this ledge." A later assay of specimens showed silver ore present worth a fabulous $2,000 per ton.

The three men now were calling their find the "Graveyard" rather than Tombstone, for it was a dreary place where the only living things seemed to be lizards, snakes, and deadly centipedes and scorpions.

As far as the Apache threat was concerned, luck was with Ed Schieffelin at the time. Chief Cochise had died and most of the Apaches had left the Tombstone area for new hunting grounds. Geronimo was out of the area and Victorio was busy raising bedlam in Mexico.

The rich ore find led to another, assayed at $15,000 to the ton! One after another, Ed Schieffelin and his partners discovered new ore deposits . . . the "Lucky Cuss," and the "Tough Nug."

It didn't take long before competitors showed up to make claims along the Tombstone Mine. Since the law specified that mining claims could then be no larger



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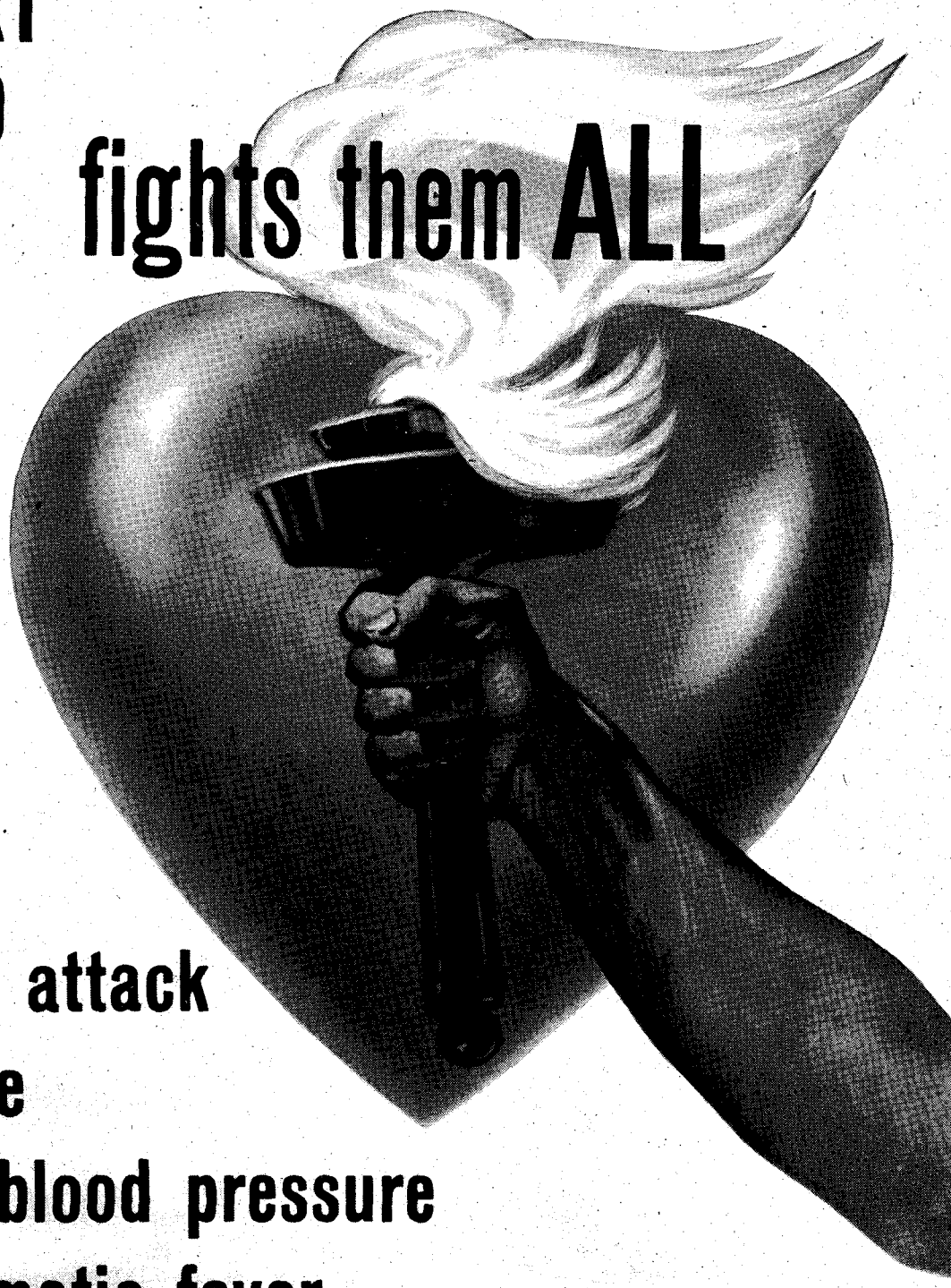

Heart attack
Stroke
High blood pressure
Rheumatic fever
Inborn heart defects

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in area than 600 by 1500 feet, Schieffelin couldn't prevent others from coming in. But he could buy into partnerships with his competitors. With all that money rolling in from his silver finds, he was a source of instant capital.

One deal where Ed, his brother and Gird weren't too canny was the Contention mine. After buying into the mine, they sold out for $10,000, making a neat profit, they thought. The only catch was that the mine later yielded a total of five million dollars!

By 1879, Edward Schiefflin's success became so well known, it was impossible to keep out the hordes of new adventures. The Tombstone claim had already been worked to the point where large mining equipment was needed to make further profits.

The Schieffelins and Gird took on financial partners to create an ore reducing mill which became the Tombstone Mining and Milling Company. Other miners were getting capital, too, and opening large and costly mines and mills.

Ed Schieffelin had been too busy to realize he had founded a town while he was digging his silver fortune. Tombstone was at first a tiny townsite crowded by the presence of a few hundred prospectors who bemoaned the fact that the community had no hard roads leading to it, no mail, rail or express service, and always on the horizon, the threat of a surprise raid by Apaches.

As small streets were laid out, they began to expand, and stretched out into the hot mesa as more tents and small cabins were erected, and finally, permanently constructed merchandise stores.

By 1880, a thousand prople were in Tombstone and the population doubled when new mines were discovered just before spring.

Most of the newcomers were brawling mining men—at leest they called themselves that—but many had never actually used a pick and shovel to hunt for precious ore until they arrived at Tombstone. Most had to sleep out in the open, and a night's rest was precarious. Hordes of desert rats had been attracted to the area by the careless dumping of garbage into the streets. The outdoor sleepers risked having fingers, toes, ears, and even noses, bitten and torn by these night predators.

Death was not uncommon from deep bites by dangerous snakes and the stings of poisonous centipedes and scorpions who were night crawlers that found sleeping bodies got into their way and therefore stung anything that moved or threatened danger.

Water at first was plentiful because springs were close by, and the early miners could buy any amount at the standing price of three cents a gallon, but as new hordes arrived in Tombstone, the level of wells and springs began to drop and the price of precious water shot skyward.

Although Edward Schieffelin was recognized as the founder of boisterous Tombstone, growing wilder and more reckless each passing month because of the constant arrival of fortune hunters and persons of ill repute, it pained this pioneer prospector that the newcomers to Tombstone ignored him, and were just as indifferent about the three thousand legal mining claims which now existed in the desert community.

Every day, there were actual bar and street fights about infringements on claims, and soon it was the miner who was the better pistol shot who was coming out ahead of others.

As prospectors from the worked out claims of California's Mother Lode reached Tombstone, lawlessness became serious enough for Vigilantes to form. Gamblers had also come in from another outpost known as Dodge City, and they brought with them dance hall tarts who quickly established such a flourishing brothel district, the houses of ill repute outnumbered the churches.

Families and groups of miners formed protective societies and clans, among the best known being Earps and the Clantons who created the most famous feud in the west!

The Earp clan took on duties of law enorcement, often without approval of the citizenry and were accused of shady dealings with riffraff in Tombstone. The Clantons acquired power when they were backed up by a group of cowboys known as the McLowery's, and the situation reached a head when tempers mounted and a massive shootout occurred at the O.K. Corral in town, in 1881.

After this battle, the surviving Earps kept up an ambush attack against the Clantons but finally dispersed to Colorado, and a new era of peace came to Tombstone in the presence of John Slaughter, a sheriff who was tough and honest.

There were now 15,000 persons reported in and around the congested town, still being called by some as the "Village of Tombstone" when it was actually a sprawling city.

Late in 1882, a 1500 foot well was dug to insure enough water to meet any foreseen need for decades to come, and miners cheered and worked harder than ever digging for silver.

While the Apache, Victorio, was uncomfortably close now in the nearby Dragoon Mountains, taking scalps whenever he was able to raid an isolated settlement, he left the town of Tombstone alone, knowing it was too big for an assault, and that its sheriff was tough and well armed.

As for Ed Schieffelin, he chose not to linger very long in the town he had created. It was booming much too fast, and after making three sizeable fortunes from the holdings he had in Tombstone, Schieffelin became somewhat of a forlorn figure when he lost his wealth in some very poor mining investments.

Traveling to the West Coast, and even into Alaska, where he made another, but less spectacular ore strike, he took ill and died at the age of 49, on May 12, 1897. The founder of Tombstone was first buried in Oregon, but a will left by Ed Schieffelin contained the request that his body be permanently placed in Tombstone, and a monument now marks his permanent resting place in the mining town.

Seemingly, when Tombstone found peace in the presence of efficient and dependable lawmen, it was threatened with extinction. By 1884, more than $25,000,000 had been extracted in silver from the numerous levels of mine shafts which burrowed in criss cross pattern beneath Tombstone, but already, there were signs that the rich veins were thinning out.

An end to Tombstone threatened in 1890, at a time when the mining profits had shrunk so drastically that the population dwindled to less than 2,000. Mining at a depth of 500 feet, a deluge of water from a hidden spring or channel, often poured into the shafts and flooded them badly.

By now, several Eastern millionaires had taken over the management of the larger mines and spent fortunes installing pumps to drain away the water, and the pumping effort continued even into the 1900's, for new methods of drilling for ore had been discovered, and there were hopes of finding more riches.

The cost of pumping out the water was so great, the well-to-do mine owners consolidated to cut costs, and were on the verge of success when carelessness on the part of workers assigned to the large pumps caused the equipment to be ruined by fire and flooding, but still Tombstone refused to perish!

New pumps were purchased and the draining effort went on, until by 1911, the consolidation of wealthy miners declared bankruptcy, just at a time when new samplings of deep ore deposits showed not only more abundant silver, but rich copper as well.

Mining still goes on in Tombstone, a city that is too tough to die. Recent estimates are that $80,000,000 in mineral wealth has been extracted from the mines and more may yet come.

In 1968, prospectors working a fracture line of ore traveling three miles southwest of Tombstone encountered a rich vein 50 feet below the ground, measuring 12 feet in width and assaying at $3,000 to the ton in combined silver and gold. In some sections of the vein, silver was so rich it was almost pure dust.

Most of the old mines, those discovered and worked by Tombstone's founder—gangling Edward Schieffelin—are still sealed off by water, but new pumping methods may reopen these mines some day not far off and Tombstone may re-live the adventurous booming days of the past for yet another time.

The town's there in the burning sun, defying time and destruction by making a comeback every time the chips are down. Ed Schieffelin gambled only when he dealt with ore and his mines, and if he were alive today, he would be willing to make the biggest gamble of all—that Tombstone would continue to produce fantastic riches for ages to come. •



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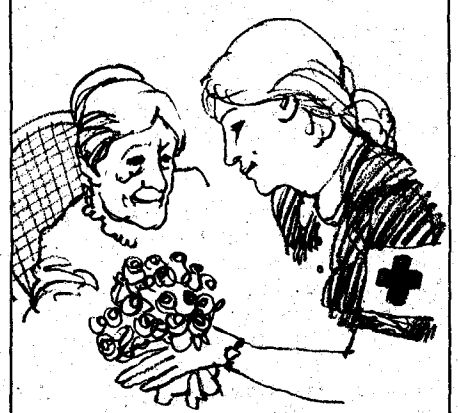

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## DEADLY BELLE OF THE BALL

*(Continued from page 35)*

and available. Which was about all that was necessary, seeing as how a feller didn't have too much choice, anyway.

There was a vaudeville theater in town, too. That's where Cherokee Bob got in trouble. I've heard it said he picked the fight. That ain't exactly so. No question he killed a couple of them yellow-legs, but it wasn't like they say. Bob was a mean son, sure enough. I can even believe he was a half-breed. Leastways he didn't mind bein' called Cherokee Bob, though I don't know where the Bob part come from since his name was really Henry. Anyway, he looked like there was a far samplin' of Indian blood in him.

I didn't get to know him until after he left Walla Walla, but I heard he got a reputation for brag about as soon as he hit the place. Got the hell out of Georgia, they said, so he wouldn't have to join up with the Confederates, and come West where they couldn't collar him so easy for desertin'.

Even if he wouldn't soldier against the Union Army, he didn't mind tellin' everybody what he thought about 'em. Shot off his mouth about how he could lick a regiment of 'em if somebody'd stand behind him with a basket of loaded pistols. He was full of talk like that.

He wasn't too popular, you can bet. Well, one night Cherokee and some friends went to the vaudeville. Folks said later he was drunk and picked a fight out of meanness and then shot two soldiers and wounded about four more when they jumped him. That ain't true. Cherokee was at the show, all right. But it was the soldiers who was drunk. They got to makin' nasty remarks out loud about some of the women performers. Cherokee told 'em to shut up and they turned on him. There was some shoutin' and a few references to each other's ancestry and parenthood. Cherokee got mad and started shootin' and killed a couple of them soldiers. And then he got the hell out of town, for which I can't blame him.

He headed right for Lewiston. Guess he figgered that was good a place as any to plan his next move. Any rate, he hung around there for awhile and struck up a friendship with Bill Mayfield. He was about as disreputable a character as Cherokee. Mayfield had been around Lewiston awhile. He was supposed to have killed a man down in Nevada and run north ahead of the law.

Things was kinda unorganized around Lewiston about then. I'd hit town durin' the winter a few months before, a kid of 14, and I was lookin' for adventure, like they say. Some adventure. Livin' in a tent and eatin' my own lousy cookin' or even worse cookin' at what passed for a restaurant. Beans and spuds and bacon that was so damned fat you could grease an axle with it. But I didn't think things was so bad at the time and I was havin' some pretty good fun for a kid.

Well, anyway, I knew who Bill Mayfield was, and I met Cherokee Bob pretty soon after he pulled in. Bill had a lady friend named Cynthia. "Red-headed Cynth", we called her. Later, when people began gettin' romantic about Bob and Cynth they said she was the wife of a prominent Lewiston citizen and that she'd wandered off the straight and narrow. Hell, I knew who Cynth was back in Missouri. We came from the same town and if she'd ever been the wife of a prominent citizen anywhere it sure wasn't in Lewiston. Or in Missouri, either.

Anyway, she was Bill Mayfield's woman, or was until Cherokee arrived.

Things was gettin' a little restless that spring, and them who could scratch up a stake was headin' out for the mines. We got word of the strike at Florence and the town emptied pretty fast. I beat Cherokee and Bill Mayfield and Cynth there by a couple of months. By then Florence was boomin'. And that bunch didn't waste no time movin' right in on top of everything.

Old Will Pitman had just died and left his partner sole owner of a pretty prosperous saloon. That danged Cherokee Bob marched right up as brassy as hell and said he'd put up the stake fer Pitman to start that saloon and by God he was entitled to the principal, the interest, and all the income in sight. The feller put up an argument, but Cherokee and Mayfield had a couple of .45 caliber aces and called his bluff. They gave him about five hundred bucks and told him to clear out of town.

That little deal gave Cherokee and Bill and Cynthia an operatin' base. The law hadn't shown up in Florence yet so things were goin' along real informal. The saloon was a handy hangout for most of the local toughs You couldn't pin it on 'em, but plenty of people were sure the bunch was responsible for most of the hijackin' and other dirty work that went on that year. Like a few robberies and beatings and a murder or two. There was a couple of stage stickups until horse



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guards started ridin' with the gold shipments.

Probably it had to come sooner or later, the split-up between Cherokee Bob and Mayfield over Cynth. I guess Mayfield figgered he was fixed solid with Cynth so when Bob took a fancy to her Mayfield said he'd let her make the choice and the other one would leave camp. Well, he was pretty surprised when she picked Cherokee. That didn't leave Bill much choice. He cashed in his share of the saloon business and pulled out.

About the same time Cherokee and Bill split up over Cynth, the easy pickin's at Florence begun to peter out. Florence was pretty much a placer show and a lotta nuggets and dust was taken. But when they skimmed the cream off, the boys began to move on until about the only ones left was those that didn't have a stake. Some others probably didn't want too much exposure to civilization, so they hung around Florence, too. I was wranglin' horses for a pack string, was the reason I stayed.

That was why Bill Willoughby stuck, I guess. He was pretty friendly with Cherokee Bob and I figger he was one of the roughnecks that had been makin' it tough on the law abidin' citizens.

I suppose you've heard the story about how Willoughby took Cynthia to the New Year's dance and how him and Cherokee got into the gunfight with the townfolk on account of it. Well, that story's been told for a long time like it was gospel, but I know the real version.

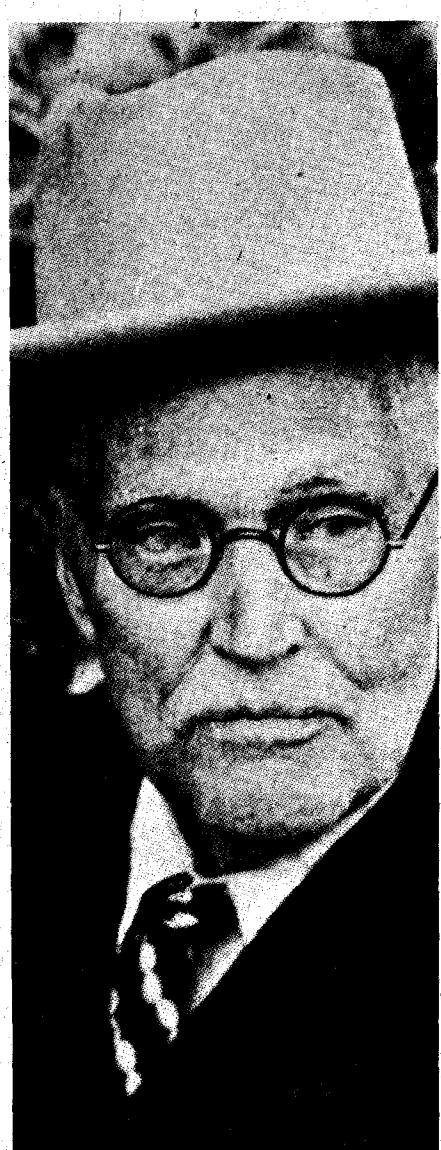
Old Barney Owsley shifted position and eyed me slantwise. I knew I didn't have to ask him to tell me the true story of Cherokee Bob's death. He had been there, and he was probably the only eye-witness left alive. What he was about to say would set the record straight once and for all. I didn't want to break the spell of the old man's reminiscences. I only nodded in answer to his unspoken question.

Satisfied that his one-man audience was still with him, Barney picked up the story.

Well, it began on New Year's Day in '63. Ever since Christmas the town had been plannin' a fancy dance and of course Cynth had to go. For some reason Cherokee didn't want to. Maybe he couldn't dance. But Cynth kept pestering him so he got Bill Willoughby to do the honors. Accordin' to the way the story usually goes, Cherokee told Willoughby that no high-falutin' married women or their husbands had better insult Cynth or there'd be trouble and Cherokee, he'd danged well start it.

That's the way the story's supposed to go. It's been said that Willoughby and Cynth marched in when things was goin' good and the town ladies stuck their damned noses up in the air and threatened to walk out unless Cynth left. There was quite a commotion and since they was pretty badly outnumbered, Bill and Cynth backed out.

Cherokee was pretty mad and the next day him and Willoughby decided to get even. They meant to start with Jakey Williams. He'd smarted off pretty good at the dance and he didn't like Cherokee anyway. Williams ran a saloon down the street aways from Cherokee's. He seen Willoughby and Cherokee comin' and he went out the back door with a couple of pistols. People like to tell that Cherokee and Willoughby chased Williams all over town, with Jakey duckin' around buildings and both sides takin' pot shots at each other. Jakey is supposed to have beat it back to his saloon to get a double-barrelled shotgun and in the meantime some of the other citizens got woke up to what was goin' on and headed for the fracas.



**T.W. (Barney) Owsley in 1933. He was then 86 years old. He had arrived at the Florence diggings when 15 as a pack train wrangler and was on hand during Cherokee Bob's last gunfight.**

Seein' how bad they was outnumbered, Cherokee and Willoughby started backin' down the street shootin'. Willoughby got hit and went down, but Cherokee ducked behind the corner of a building and was safe for a minute. Then one of them fearless citizens got a round behind him and shot him, too. Shot him so bad he died three days later, they say.

Like I said, that's the way it's been told for goin' on long as I remember. But that ain't the way it was. She didn't know it at the time, but Cynth was responsible for Cherokee's gettin' shot.

There'd been trouble between Jakey Williams and Cherokee, all right. Fact was, Bob had threatened to kill Jakey the next time they got crossways. They got into an argument at the New Year's dance but neither of 'em had a gun. A couple of days later Bob was still boilin'. He went down to the cabin where him and Cynth was livin' to get his guns. They was old cap and ball pistols and Cynth, figgerin' Bob might get shot or maybe not wantin' him to murder Jakey, had taken the caps out of the guns.

Bob didn't know this and he was so steamed up he didn't check the load. That was his biggest mistake, and it turned out to be his last one. He found Jakey without any trouble but when he pulled them triggers and nothin' happened it was too danged late. Jakey shot him and he died a couple of days later.

There's the truth of it. Hell, there wasn't much chance of any woman from the better element snubbin' Cynth at the dance. There wasn't any better element. That kind hadn't got to Florence yet so all the gals in town was pretty much equal and was there for about the same reason. The whole business come about because of William's quarrel with Cherokee, and Cynth made the mistake of messin' around in it.

Barney had come to the end of his story. But there was one question I had to ask . . . what had become of "Red-Headed Cynth"?

I don't rightly know, Barney said. Cherokee wasn't buried too danged long before his old partner Bill Mayfield heard about the shootin' and sent for Cynth to come down to Boise where he was. They went on to Placerville the next spring and I heard later Mayfield got shot by a slicker named Evans durin' a card game. I never heard another word about Cynth to this day. •



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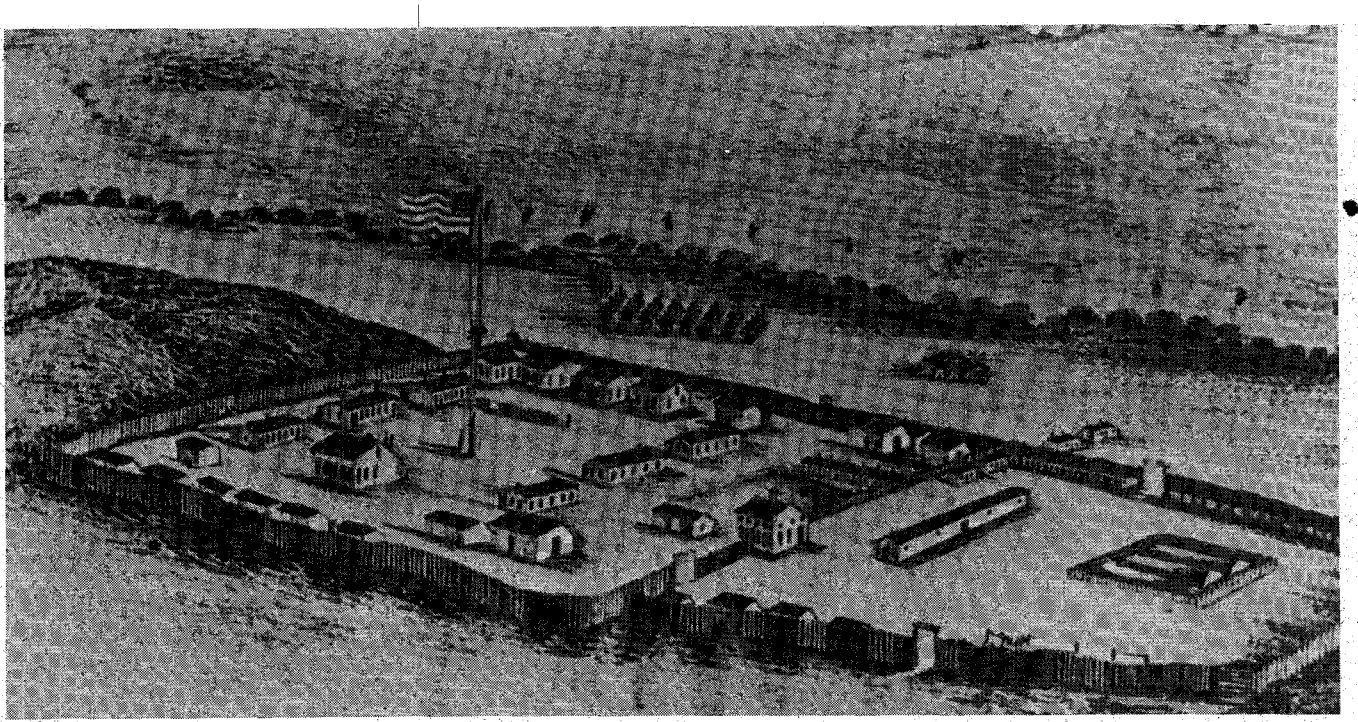

Fort Phil Kearney as it looked in 1868.

## THE CHRISTMAS RIDE OF PORTUGEE PHILLIPS *(Continued from page 19)*

The Indians, always slow to organize, had now marshaled a big war party and were moving up the Tongue River toward the fort. All were spoiling for blood. The Santee Sioux, the routed remnants of Little Crow's warriors, had drifted west after their unsuccessful war with the whites in Minnesota. They were welcomed by Black Shield, principal chief of the Minniconjou Sioux, Crazy Horse, and Red Cloud.

The Cheyenne, too, had come north after the Sand Creek massacre. Their big men were Dull Knife, Walking Rabbit, Wolf-Lying-Down, Black Moccasin, Painted Thunder, Walking White Man, and Wild Hog.

Lifeline of the fort was the wood trains. The timber had to be cut and hauled from Big Piney Island, seven miles away. Protection of the woodcutters was the responsibility of William Fetterman, a cocky, skipjack captain, who was second-in-command.

"With fifty men, I can ride through the whole Sioux nation," he had boasted more than once.

On December 21, he got his chance when the Indians struck the wood train. Fetterman rode to the rescue with 78 bluecoats and four civilians.

"Don't go beyond Lodge Trail Ridge!" Carrington shouted after him.

Fetterman ignored the order. This was to be his day of triumph. First the Pony Soldiers disappeared from sight, then the Walk-a-Heaps, as the Indians called the infantry, in this instance the 18th. That was the last time they were seen alive.

One officer had 120 arrows in his body. The hatred ran so deep that even the infantry's pet dog was killed. The Indians called the fight, "The Hundred White Men Killed." Actually only 83 men fell on that cold, bitter day, but after the hacking and chopping of the bodies, it would be pretty hard to make an accurate count. More than two generations later a monument would be erected at what would now be called Massacre Hill ...

IN his quarters, Colonel Carrington suddenly stopped striding in his tracks. His decision was made. He knew what he must do now, and he opened the door of the common room.

He found the men sitting on the earthen floor.While waiting for him to appear, they had kept their fear a private thing, idling the time away chewing tobacco, smoking their pipes, and telling off-color jokes that no one laughed at. Without preamble, Carrington gave it to them straight.

"I've moved the women and children in the powder magazine, and ordered all the buildings mined — just in case."

The men looked at him in silence. They knew what this meant.

"Our only hope," continued Carrington, "is to get help from Fort Laramie."

There was a squawk among the sitting soldiers.

"*Fort Laramie*! That's more'n 200 miles away, sir. And a blizzard's coming on."

"Yeah," another voice reinforced the first, "it's 30-35 degrees below right now."

"I know, I know," Carrington said. "I'm not *ordering* anyone to ride to our rescue, but I'll welcome volunteers."

There was no sound for an uncomfortable length of time except the wind tearing at the timbers of the building. A muffled cough was heard in the back of the room, and then a small voice lifted:

"I'll go."

Everybody turned around. The speaker was John Phillips. "Portugee," he was called, due to his Portuguese parentage. He was 34 years old, swarthy, mild of manner, and slight stature, a civilian employee to the quartermaster at Fort Phil.

His only request was that he wanted the best horse on the post, which was Gray Eagle, Colonel Carrington's Kentucky jumper. Permission was readily granted. Putting on a buffalo coat, fur cap, muffler, and fur-lined boots, Portugee was ready to leave shortly after midnight on December 22. He carried some hard biscuits for himself and a minimum ration of feed for the horse. Carrington held open one of the back gates.

"God bless you ... and Godspeed!" he called out, the wind ripping the words from his mouth.

The snow had swirled into deep drifts, and the thoroughbred's training was quickly utilized. Bucking and jumping, the horse and rider disappeared in the dark night. The wind, sharp as the slash of a saber, howled its fury in gusts of 70 miles an hour.

The only reason Portugee and the horse could move at all was becuse they were heading southeast while the blue norther screamed at their backs. Even so the buffalo coat offered little protection. Icy pellets, sharp as of barbed wire, struck with the force of buckshot.

Hour after hour, on through the night they plodded, avoiding the deeper drifts and the patches of slick ice laid bare by the wind. Portugee felt the bitter cold numbing his body. The snow and sleet, driven by the high wind, settled between him and the saddle. Melting and freezing by turns, it soon formed a cruel, crusty currycomb, making normal sitting an agonizing torture. Bending low he scooped up a mittenful of snow to rub on his frozen nose and cheekbones. He swore aloud as the gritty, white crystals sandpapered his flesh.

The dawn was coming. Glancing up at the heavy overcast, he knew he would not get much warmth from the sun on this day. By now he had reached Fort Reno on the Powder River, but they had no telegraph and barely enough garrison to defend themselves. Halting long enough to feed Gray



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Eagle and to gulp down a few morsels himself, he rode on again.

A couple of hours out of Fort Reno, he ran into a straggling band of Indians, but they were no match for the Kentucky jumper, and he soon outrode them. Now that he had urged the blooded horse into a gallop, he kept him going. Gray Eagle was a ghostly specter plunging through the drifts — he no longer had the strength to jump them — floundering and slowing down. Portugee could not afford to have him falter now. Too much was at stake. It would mean the end of both of them and, perhaps, Fort Kearny as well.

He began booting a vigorous tattoo along the fatiguing horse's ribs, alternately striking stinging blows to the neck and rump with his frozen mittens. The terrified animal responded by breaking free of a belly-deep drift and lunging into a gallop again across the white wasteland. He kept up the steady pace, mile after mile, with the rider keeping a painful seat, giving Gray Eagle his head until he began to break stride.

They dropped into a dry wash, swept free of snow, sheltered by a grove of cottonwoods. Portugee pulled up, finding it difficult to dismount because of his heavy coating of cracking ice armor. Somehow, he got a tiny fire going, and he thawed out a little. He stripped some bark from a tree and mixed it with a scant ration of oats from the meager supply he carried. The hungry horse blew the rime from his nostrils, nodding his handsome head in eager anticipation. While he ate, Portugee untied a buffalo robe from behind the cantle and spread it over the trembling flanks and withers, rubbing him down as best he could.

Gnawing on a biscuit, he was back in the saddle again. The deadly duel between man and nature continued. The storm had erased all landmarks, and Portugee had no idea where he was, but he knew he would be all right if he kept bearing south and east.

THE killing race with death went on. The long ride was begining to tell on both of them. Portugee's eyes were nearly frozen shut, and he was almost blinded by the wind lungs blew. The steed was pitching and falling at intervals now, often three-legging it, and Portugee had to stop more frequently.
ing to catch some sign before the heaving lungs blew. The steed was pitching and falling at intervals now, often three-legging it, and Portugee had to stop more frequently.

On one of these occasions, while administering a rubdown, he doled out the last of the oats.

"There's no turning back now, ol' Jump," he said softly, underscoring their mutual misery.

How far had they come? How much farther must they go? Where was the station? He did not know. Looking around, he noticed blood in the snow. Fearing the worst, he lifted the horse's icicled fetlock. He tried to clench his fists in futility, but his frozen mittens would not permit even so small a surcease from despair.

Hours later he began to doze in the saddle. In case he fell off in a state of benumbing narcolepsy, he tied Gray Eagle's picket rope around his waist. He lapsed into a semi-coma. His mind wandered from his body.

The picket rope saved him. He awoke with a start, pulling himself back in the saddle. The winded, purblind thoroughbred nearly ran into a corral. Faintly outlined against a snowy ridge, Portugee Phillips saw a few squat buildings. His heart beat faster. It was the place he had been looking for — Horseshoe Station, a stage and telegraph outpost. He did not know if it was night or day. Hailing the main sodhouse until he was hoarse, he waited for a light to show.

Why didn't they answer? Wasn't anybody at home? Had they gone to Fort Laramie? Could they have already perished in the storm?

Finally a cautious crack appeared in the door, and a yellow gleam glinted in the snow. The door was opened wider and a dark figure emerged, holding high a lantern that flickered feebly in the wind. It was John Friend, the telegraph operator.

"Merry Christmas!" he called out cheerily, for it was Christmas morning, and then his voice croaked. "*What in hell?*"

Friend helped the rider from the saddle. Portugee's swollen feet struck the frozen ground. A hunk of ice seemed to freeze in his belly when he realized he had no feeling below his knees.

"Get word to Laramie," he muttered through frozen lips.

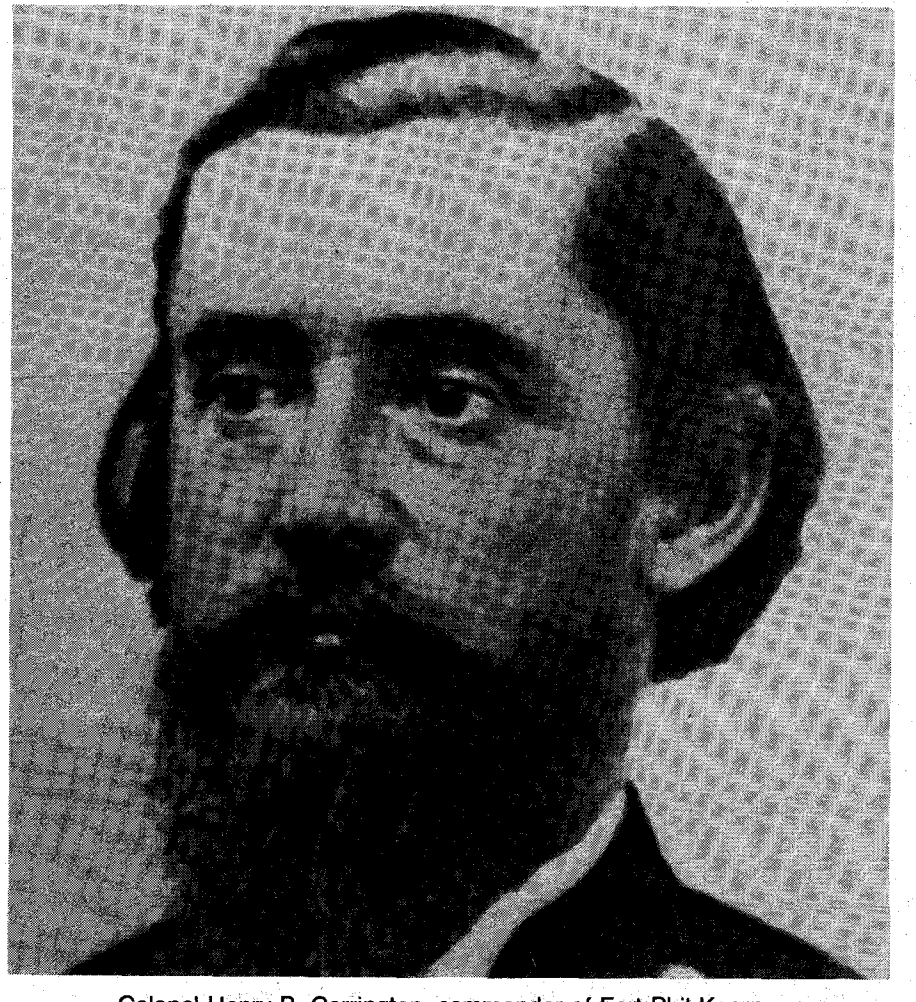
They led the shivering mount to a dugout stable, giving him grain and water. In the warmth of the station house, Portugee began to thaw out between draughts of hot tea and burning whiskey. The operator frantically clicked his key, sending out the message, urgently appealing for a reply. He sent it again and again, but there were no answering clicks.

"The wires must be down," he complained.

"Damn' newfangled contraption, Portugee grumbled. "Never knew one of 'em to work. Call me in a couple hours. I'll have to ride on to Laramie."

Friend's protests were fruitless. Portugee stretched out before the fire and was soon asleep. His body twitched spasmodically as his blood began to circulate in his frost-bitten limbs. Shaking his head, the operator spread another blanket over the sleeping rider and began tinkering with the telegraph key again.

Two hours later, Portugee aroused himself without being awakened. He got into his damp clothing and stepped out into the cold. There were still nearly 40 miles to go.



Colonel Henry B. Carrington, commander of Fort Phil Kearney at the time it was under siege.



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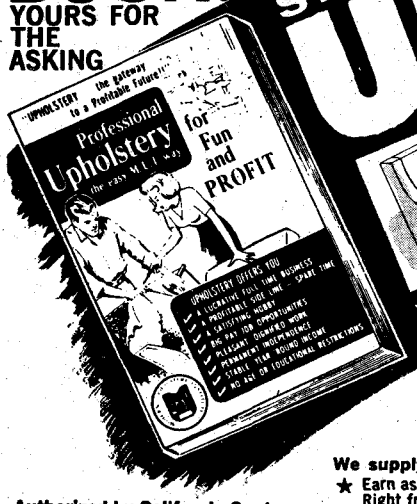


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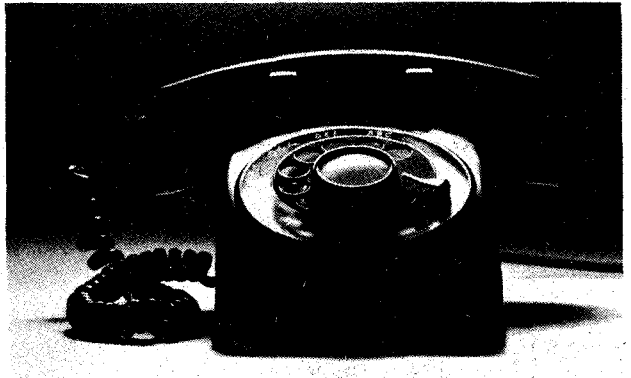

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THE officers' club at Fort Laramie was know as "Old Bedlam." It was certainly living up to its name as the christmas Ball, a highlight of the year, was going full blast. The building was ablaze with lamps. The whiskey flowed. The punchbowl was always empty. The regimental band played *Bonnie Eloise*, a hymn-like melody which was popular with soldiers of the North and South. The officers waltzed on unsteady legs. Their ladies curtsied and lifted their skirts higher than necessary.

Outside the sentry on watch was having his troubles, too, not only with his legs, but also with his eyes. He could not believe the ghostly wraiths riding out of the white night.

"Corporal!" he bawled. "*Corporal of the guard*!"

The corporal came stumbling up as fast as his wobbly legs would let him.

"What is it?" he bellowed, and then he caught sight of the horse and rider.

Swatting his shoulders to start the circulation, Portugee told him he had a message from Colonel Carrington. The corporal offered to take it to the commanding officer.

"No," Portugee said, "*I'll* give it to him. I've come this far by myself. I might as well go all the way."

He pushed open the door, blinking back the bright lamplight. At sight of the alabaster, frozen figure, several of the women screamed. Some of the officers glanced apprehensively at the punchbowl.

"Courier from Kearny, sir!" blurted Portugee, pulling a tattered, brown packet from an inside pocket of his buffalo coat. "Dispatch from Colonel Carrington."

The commanding officer opened his mouth to speak, but instead he read the message:

> Do send me reinforcements forthwith. Expedition now with my force is impossible. I risk everything but the post and its store. I venture as much as anyone can, but I have had a fight today unexampled in Indian warfare.

Portugee gasped out the details of the story briefly while the officers and wives listened in horror. When he had finished, he swayed drunkenly on rubber legs. They caught him as he fell. But he was too tough to die. Given rest, warm nourishment, and dry blankets, he would make an amazing recovery from his nightmarish travail.

Portugee Phillips was to immortalize one of the most heroic rides in history. Today a marker stands to honor his memory. In 48 hours of actual riding time — most of the daylight was spent hiding out from the hostile Sioux — he had ridden 236 miles through a blinding blizzard and the heartland of one of the largest besieging Indian forces in the West.

Gray Eagle, the gallant jumper, was not so fortunate. He was taken to a warm stable, but his lungs exploded, and he died within the hour.

At daybreak the First Battalion of the 18th Infantry moved out of Fort Laramie on a forced march up the Bozeman Trail, giving Fort Phil the best Christmas present it ever had. •

## THE APACHE KID

*(Continued from page 22)*

to the corral when the settlers had begun to return the fire.

In the early morning, the lighting was bad and the movement of the three Indians went unnoticed by the settlers—a mistake that was to cost them their lives. At first, it seemed that the frontier family was going to be successful in turning back the attackers. They had obviously wounded several of the Indians, who had been hiding behind the board fence of the corral.

But just as the settlers were beginning to feel that they had a chance, the Kid and his braves busted into the gunsmoke-filled room where the farmer and his family were making their stand. Instead, the Indians shot the farmer and two of his sons. When the other members of the family saw what had happened, they immediately dropped their weapons and raised their hands in surrender.

One of the braves shot another of the boys as the youth was running to his mother, who was sheltering the girls by her side. The small girls screamed and grabbed at their mother's nightgown when the fierce-looking Indians appeared. And, indeed, they must have looked pretty gruesome, especially the Kid, who had blood seeping down his arm.

The renegades ushered the remains of the family out of the house and into the yard before the corral, and began to tie them. After they had securely bound the captives, the Indians sacked the house and took everything they could carry. Mainly, they took guns, ammunition and food. After they plundered the house, the Indians set fire to it.

The mother of the children screamed and begged the Indians not to destroy their home when she realized what they were about to do. She would have screamed even louder if she had known what they planned to do next.

As the house burned, the Indians returned to the corral and a nearby barn in search of fresh mounts. In the barn, they found fifteen fine horses—pure Arabian stock, some of the first in the West. The farmer had prided himself on his collection of Arabian horses, which he had begun many years before.

What remained of the family stood bound together as they watched the house, containing their loved ones, burn quickly in a blazing hill of flames. The girls' shrill voices rose in cries and pleas anew when they saw the Indians leading their beloved horses from the corral. But again, their summons fell on stone ears.

The Indians milled around for a few minutes, watching the house burn much as an artist would admire his canvas. Then they started laughing, and began to look at the woman and children tied together in front of the water well. Suddenly, the Indians started arguing among themselves as they looked at the people tied to the cast iron water pump. The Kid assumed his leadership role and brought the Indians back to order again. The arguing stopped as though some agreement had been reached.

They walked over to the settlers and stood gazing awkwardly at the trembling forms. The Indians had their eyes turned particularly to the mother of the children. Although coarsened by years of toil in a frontier home, she was still young, and had a rosy freshness about her that lent more than a little attractiveness to her appearance. Furthermore, the wind pushed gently against her nightgown and revealed a fine figure.

Quickly the Kid reached out and untied the remaining male survivor of the family, the youngest boy, as two other Indians stepped forward to take him. With the boy in tow, the Indians moved to the center of the yard and proceeded to stake him out spread-eagle. Then they got the girls and staked them out spread-eagle in such a fashion that the three children were side-by-side on the sun-baked earth, in the middle of the trail leading away from the farm.

Having the children disposed of, the Kid moved over to the woman and started to untie her. Freed of her bonds, the woman fought fiercely to escape from the Kid's grip. But her efforts were useless, and she quickly went limp in his arms as he dragged her off toward the barn.

As soon as she realized that she was not being taken to the children, the woman sensed that the Indians had other plans for her. She looked around at the renegades and quickly determined that they were all young. Then she noticed that the band of braves was following the Kid as he lugged the woman to the barn.

She let out a scream, and tried again to free herself as she realized what the Indians were about to do. She fought savagely, clawing and kicking at the Indians holding her. But it seemed as though the woman's efforts only served to heighten the desire of the Indians as they laughed at her attempts to free herself.



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When the laughing Indians emerged from the barn, they were dragging the nude body of a woman. The woman wasn't fighting; she wasn't screaming; she wasn't walking. If she were still alive, there was no sign of it.

The bucks took her over to where the children were staked out on the ground, and proceeded to tie her in a similar fashion. Screams of horror ran out of the children's mouths as they watched the savages stake out their mother, but their cries fell on impassive ears and barren surroundings.

With the woman tied out on the ground, the Indians had just about completed their work. The house was burning and the survivors of the family were doomed to a slow death beneath Arizona's blistering sun. They looked with satisfaction at their work as they headed toward the corral and their new mounts. They climbed on the fine Arabian horses, the results of years of loving work by the dead farmer whose body was burning in the house, and started toward the forms stretched out on the ground.

The Kid was in the lead. With a mighty war cry, he kicked his horse and dashed straight for the prostrate bodies and rode right over them. The other braves followed, their horses crushing the bodies beneath their hooves. Without looking over their shoulders, the Indians continued in the direction they'd been heading a few hours earlier. The Apache Kid now had a suitable beginning for his bloody career.

After making it to Mexico, the Kid laid low for a while until the heat let up back home in Arizona. Exactly what happened to his braves is unknown, but there is one account that says they were killed by some drunken Mexicans who didn't like Indians. One old-timer told me that the braves weren't killed at all, but that they had a falling out with the Kid because of the excessive cruelty he administered without the slightest consultation with his conscience.

Thus, it came to pass that the Kid was a loner from the start. Hardly anyone else could stomach his atrocities, and so it was his fate to wander alone through the scorched deserts and jagged mountains of the Southwest.

The early training of his youth in riding, tracking and shooting, and his distorted outlook on life combined to make him one of the most feared renegades in the country. A crack shot, a tireless rider and a fine specimen of virility, the Kid was cut out to live the kind of life he had chosen for himself.

He lived alone in the rough uplands of the mountains in New Mexico and Arizona. He would attack lonely freighters from ambush, usually leaving nothing but a meal for the scavangers of the plains, the vultures. Sometimes he would release his vehemence on a prospector who dared to work the Apache-infested hills. Again the results were the same—no survivors.

His audacity was unequaled. On one occasion, he and one of his cohorts worked their way back to the San Carlos Reservation, and even with the soldiers of the fort nearby, the Indians entered the reservation. And here another interesting point about the Kid is displayed.

Although feared among his own people almost as much as among the whites, the Mescaleroes never refused him shelter. Often, the tribe would hide him among their members and protect the Kid from searches that were being conducted to catch him.

Certainly the Mescaleroes had no reason for their kindness. Often, the Kid would take advantage of their generosity, stealing from them before he left on another of his blood-soaked missions. Sometimes he would even kidnap one of the squaws and take her with him to the highlands, where he hid out before leaving on an encounter.

On the occasion mentioned above, where the Kid and a companion had made their way onto the reservation right under the noses of the soldiers who were scouring the countryside for them, the Indians kidnapped two squaws. With this audacious move, the Mescaleroes lost their patience with the Kid and reported the incident to the Indian agent in charge of their reservation. The agent, in turn, went to the commanding officer of the nearby Army Post.

The officer selected his best Indian scout, Josh, and sent him on the trail of the Kid. Before Josh left, the officer told him not to come back if he didn't have the two braves. The officer didn't know how seriously the scout was to regard what must have been a statement meant as a joke.

But Josh took the white man seriously, and departed on the Kid's trail with the honest intention of not returning until he caught the Kid and his companion. For two months, Josh trailed the elusive pair through the mountains and desert.

One day when he was following the trail of the party, he came to a point where the trail divided. Regardless of why the band had split apart, Josh had to make a decision as to which path to follow. There was no way of knowing which trail either of the Indians had taken, or if the Indians had decided to let the women go and had taken off in a different direction themselves; but the decision had to be made. The young Indian scout decided on the trail leading to the uplands of the Rincon Mountains, since he knew this was the hiding area of the Kid and figured the Kid was heading there again.

For several days, he followed the trail with little success, except that he seemed to be gaining on the people in front of him. Finally, after two more days of continuous trailing, he came upon them at dusk when they were stopped for dinner.

Josh was thoroughly disappointed with the sight that met his eyes. It was one of the women and the Kid's companion. Josh thought to himself that he should have known that it would be just like the Kid to split up and send someone else in the direction he would be expected to go.

At any rate, Josh captured the two Indians and started back with them. They had about a ten-day ride standing between them and the post. Josh knew he would have his hands full trying to keep the renegade from escaping, so he told the squaw to set off on her own—that she was free to go. And so, Josh, with his captive, headed back to the post. As the accounts go, the Indian tried to make a break for it.

It was late at night and Josh, who hadn't had any sleep for several days, fell asleep. The Indian took the opportunity to make his break. After untying his bonds, the renegade started to mount one of the horses. Josh awakened and realized what was happening. He pulled a knife from its sheath and sprang toward the brave.

The steel blade found its mark, and red blood oozed from the outlaw's neck. Josh went ahead and finished the job—decapitated the dead Indian—and then started for home with the Indian's head in his saddle bag. Six days later Josh returned to the Post after being gone for almost three months, walked up to the commander and dumped the head at his feet.

What happened to the Kid during this time is unknown. The next time he was seen, he was alone; it was assumed that either he had killed the woman or that she had died of the hardships of living on the run.

It seems that the struggle of living alone in the mountains must have gotten to the Kid because one beautiful, Fall day, after two weeks of bitterly cold weather, the Kid rode into the reservation and made negotiations to live there if he would be let off with a light sentence for his crimes.

This idea was more than pleasing to the Indian agent and the commander of the nearby Army Post. So it was arranged that the Kid would be tried for a minor crime he had committed, robbery of a general store in a small desert town, and would serve only a part of the sentence before pardoned.

This sounded pretty good to the Kid, who had spent too many nights using granite for a mattress. Consequently, he let himself fall upon the mercy of the white man's word. But unlike the Kid, the white men kept their word, and the



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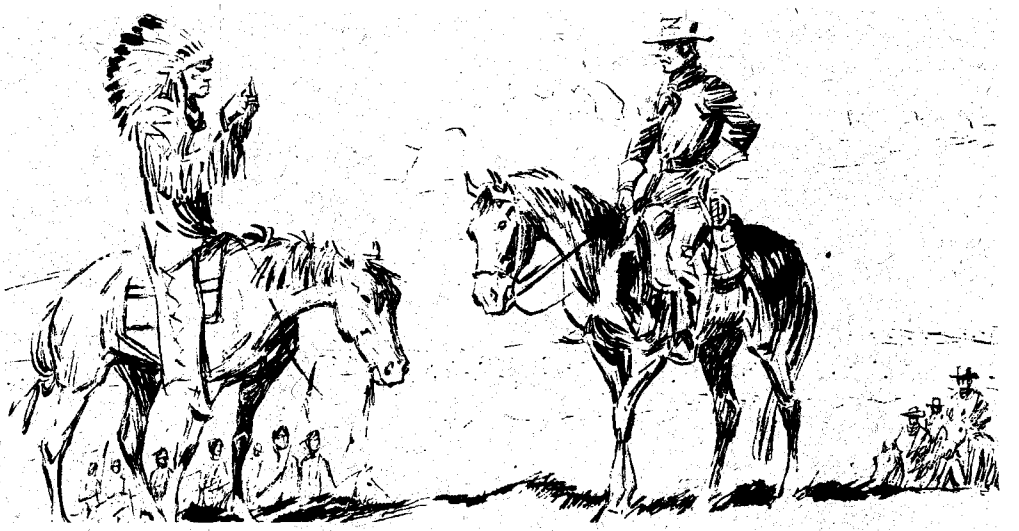

restless Apache was pardoned by none other than President Cleveland within a few weeks after he started serving his sentence.

Then the Kid settled down to a life on the reservation but he was like a caged wild animal. He tried to live a law-abiding life, but the monotony was too much for him. So one day, he and five companions set upon a little scheme to vary the routine.

They set up an ambush at Twelve Mile Post on the reservation and waited until a lonely freighter came by. Then they swooped down on the young man and killed him before he even had a chance to get his gun. He was totally unprepared for the trouble since he figured he was in safe country. But indeed he wasn't, and the Kid and his comrades made short business of the freighter's mistake.

After killing the freighter and stealing his cargo, the six Indians fled the reservation. Glen Reynolds, who was then sheriff of Gila County, Arizona, quickly organized a search party and set out after the band.

After six months of hard searching, Reynolds and his men found the five braves, but not the Kid. Though disappointed at losing the Kid, at least Reynolds had something to show for his six months of hard work.

He took the Indians back to the reservation and made preparations to move them to Florence, Arizona for trial. The journey was to involve a five-day trip by stage through some of the roughest country in the Southwest. Also, they were going through known Apache country. Needless to say, the prospects of the trip were not too comforting for Reynolds, who had lost his top deputy a few days earlier.

But the prisoners had to be taken to Florence and it was Reynolds' job to do it. He enlisted another deputy, "Hunky Dory" Holmes, and started the journey. The Indians were all chained together, and had leg irons in addition to having their hands chained. Besides the two lawmen and the five Indians, the only other passenger was a Mexican on his way to Florence.

In spite of Reynolds' fears, the trip went smoothly as they progressed through the canyons and gullies of the desert—all of which made likely places for an ambush. Then on the morning of the third day, the Apaches became more talkative than usual. But neither Holmes nor Reynolds understood Apache, so they couldn't learn what was going on.

Later that day, they came to a steep grade that was covered by a sandy surface several feet deep. Pulling the hill was more than the horses could take, so the passengers had to get out of the stage and help push it across the sand. In order for the Indians to be of any assistance, Reynolds had to undo their leg irons and unchain them from each other.

The Indians stationed themselves at points on the stage and began pushing. Reynolds and Holmes were standing guard. But the stage wouldn't budge, so Reynolds and Holmes went over and put their shoulders to the task.

Just as the stage started to move, one of the Indians jumped Holmes and another attacked Reynolds. The stage driver, who quickly realized what was going on, reached for his rifle and started to fire at one of the Indians. But before he could get off a shot, he was caught from behind by an Indian. The Indians wrestled fiercely, using their handcuffs to strangle the men.

The Mexican soon saw that it was hopeless to try to help the white men, since they were done in almost from the start of the fight. So he cut the lead horse of the team loose, and kicked it hard as he tried to escape from the Indians. By this time, one of the Indians had gotten hold of the stage driver's rifle. He lowered the bead on the fleeing Mexican and squeezed off an unerring shot.

The little Mexican slumped in the saddle but kept going. Some four hours later, weak from loss of blood and upon the brink of unconsciousness, he made it to a way station and sounded the alarm. But the bullet wound in the back was too much for the courageous Mexican and he died before sunset that day.

Again another search party was organized to bring the Indians under the reign of justice. But this party was lacking the talents of Reynolds, who had lost his life at the hands of the members of the Kid's gang.

It was just by luck that the search party came upon the five Indians one night. The Indians had robbed a small store and had taken the owner's private whiskey supply. The booze made the otherwise crafty Indians careless. They built a fire and set about finishing off their haul. Shortly before midnight, just as the last of them passed out, the posse came upon them and made an easy capture.

The Indians were taken to court and were condemned to be hanged. For six months, they peacefully awaited the execution day, almost as though they were confident they would be rescued. But no help came.

The night before the day of the hanging, the Indians went peacefully to sleep as though the morning would bring their freedom. However, the morning was to hold a much greater surprise. During the night, three of the Mescaleroes used their breech clothes to hang themselves while the other two stood in front of them to shield the scene from the view of the jailer.

In the morning, the other two were hanged. But the end of the Apache Kid was not to be so certain. Following his last escape from the reservation, he headed to the hills and resumed his life of hardships and treachery. Occasionally he would swoop down on a settler or a lonely prospector.

On one such raid, he was presumably shot and was never seen again. He had choosen a small mining operation for that encounter. He waited until two of the three men who were working the claim were gone, and then he attacked the man who was left behind. The Kid shot him just as he was walking from the small shack to the mine entrance.

However, the miner's companions had forgotten some ore that they were supposed to have tested, so they had turned around and were on their way back when they heard the shot fired. They spurred their horses to a dead run and got to the mining site just as the Kid was leaving. One of the men leveled his rifle and fired a shot straight for the Kid. He fell from the saddle, but somehow managed to remount and headed to safety through a volley of gunfire from the two miners.

After that, the Kid was never seen again. It was assumed that he died of the gunshot wound. It's uncanny to think of the Kid lying in agony somewhere in the Rincon mountains, dying from gangrene and infection—probably the cruelest and slowest way to die—after he'd left so many people to slow and painful deaths. ●



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# ROY BEAN—LAW WEST OF THE PECOS

*(Continued from page 17)*

a small way, Dodge City and Abilene, to the north.

The Texas Rangers set up headquarters here, bringing in men they had captured, and jailing them in Vinegaroon. Soon Roy set himself up as a Justice of the Peace, with the encouragement of the Rangers. They seemed glad that someone was willing to take some of the pressure off the huge task that they faced. Law and order was definitely needed here, there was no denying this fact.

The leeches and the cardsharks set up practice here, too, taking the money from the ignorant track workers, some of whom were too naive to know when they were being fleeced. There were more than 8000 men over an area of about twenty square miles, more than two-thirds of whom were unable to speak English. Vice and corruption followed in the wake of the prosperity that came to Eagle's Nest. When the tracks met, this part of the West was known as Hell On Wheels.

Bean set up court without sanction of the State of Texas; however the state *did* appoint him as Justice of the Peace in the latter part of that year. A thousand dollar bond was usually required for this, but there was an exception made in Roy's case. He "coughed" up the $1,000 later that year, in December.

The population in Vinegaroon dwindled when the hands moved on after the completion of the railroads. Roy changed locations, too, to Strawbridge (now called Sanderson).

Here, he encountered his first competition. Already established in business was Jesus Torres. The year was 1883, and the ceremonies were held at a joining of the tracks, where they met at a place called "Dead Man's Gulch."

First, Roy discovered that someone had tampered with one of his whiskey barrels. It reeked of kerosene being mixed with the whiskey. He lay in wait, hoping to find who the culprit might be. When he found that it was the work of one of Torres' men, he wasted no time with words, but sent some hot lead in the Mexican's direction.

When Torres discovered what Bean had done, he was furious, but knew that there was little he could do, except wait his chance for retribution. Meanwhile, Bean established his saloon and gambling place across the street from that of Torres' establishment, and soon business was booming. Torres felt that the place should be his, since the plot of the main township had once belonged to his father. The tracks separated the two saloons, but not the two men; they would clash time and again, over the years. Torres was by far the better educated of the two, and unlike Bean, was quiet and unassuming in his ways. Roy quickly took note of this and used it to advantage.

It was in the latter part of 1883, that Bean first saw a picture of the beautiful Lily Langtry, and decided that he'd name "his" town in her honor. He wrote her a letter, telling her of his plans. He pasted a picture of her over the huge mirror that hung over the full length of the bar. Toasts were made to her often; and soon he was calling the place the Jersey Lilly. Upon receipt of his letter, Mrs. Langtry had been highly pleased that Roy had wanted to honor her with calling his town Langtry, and answered him, telling him so. She had offered to send the town a drinking fountain, in return for the dedication of the town's name; but Bean declined the offer, saying that he felt the town had little use for it; but, if it spouted whiskey say, instead of water, then he'd be happy to accept.

Mrs. Langtry had just begun her career when Roy Bean had spotted her picture on the cover of the newspaper, in 1882. She had long been the darling of the social set in London, and in the theatrical circle; being a close friend of the famous and the great. She was a personal friend of Oscar Wilde; and several of the talented artists of that period, such as George F. Watts and Frank Miles had painted her portrait. She had been in constant demand to appear at parties and attendences. To top this, she had met and been admired by royalty—Albert, Prince of Wales, had fallen madly in love with her, even though she was still married to Edward Langtry.

She had gone on the stage, immediately upon the termination of her marriage. She had long had ambitions toward pursuing a stage career, and took up training under the coaching of a former actress, who taught her stage presence, and the art of projection. Her first play was staged in January following her debut as an actress.

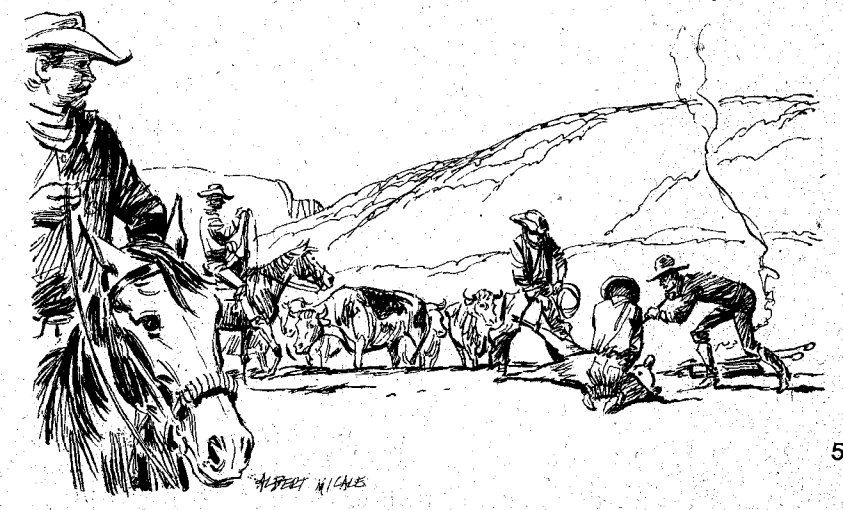
In 1884, the State of Texas post office department had allowed the name of Langtry to be entered into the records, as official. Roy Bean had finally gotten his wish; he'd found at last a place where he meant to stay. He wrote Lily many times, asking her to visit his town, but she was unable to make it that far west. Upon hearing that The Jersey Lilly was to appear in San Antonio, Roy got all spruced up, and made his way there, where she was to make one of her rare appearances in America. Somehow, though, she was unable to appear, and Bean was terribly disappointed Somehow, through a mistake's having been made in her booking, her trip to Texas had to be cancelled.

It was while in San Antonio that Roy had run into a whiskey salesman that he had gypped, when the salesman had delivered goods to his saloon. Bean had played pranks on this particular "drummer" for some time, and the salesman was determined to get even. During the conversation at the bar, the salesman said quite casually: "Oh, I forgot to tell you—Bruno is dead" . . . (Bruno was Roy's pet bear, of which he was very fond). "You once told me that when he died, I could have his hide. Is that promise still good?" Bean assured him it was. He thereupon sent a telegram to Langtry, to his son, Sam, telling him to send the bear's hide. Sam was quite puzzled, but followed his father's instructions. Roy's first question, when he reached home was: What did Bruno die of? "Oh, he didn't die; I shot him."

"Why, you danged fool, what'd you do that for?" Roy thundered.

"I had to skin him first before I shipped his hide, and he had to be dead for me to skin him, didn't he?" Roy had to admit that made good sense.

Meanwhile, the feud continued between Torres and Bean. Torres being the wiser of the two, hit upon a plan, whereby he just might be able to rid this town of Bean once and for all. He agreed, in advance, to turn over half the lots that were his to the railroad in return for their erecting a station near his saloon. They agreed to this, but they didn't agree *not* to sell a portion of the





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lots to friends, relatives, or acquaintances of Bean's; although the stipulation had been that at no time might Bean himself buy any of the land. Torres thought that now he had Roy for sure; but he had underestimated Roy's cunning ways. Little did he know that Bean had some friends buy space, thereby sidestepping the agreement made with the railway. When Torres heard of it, he was fit to be tied; but there was *nothing* he could do.

During the interim, Roy had Torres arrested, for assault, and he was brought before Bean to be sentenced. A jury was chosen on the spot, (all friends of The "Judge") and they found Torres guilty. However, he was only fined two dozen bottles of beer. Well, thought Torres, that wasn't too bad, although he wasn't too happy about the whole affair. He had agreed to serve the jury across the tracks, at his own saloon, but Bean refused to allow him this favor. It ended up with his having to buy beer at The Jersey Lilly, exorbitantly priced. Bean had won again, through sheer brazenness.

Bean became notorious for short-changing his customers, and should they dare upbraid him about it, they were charged with contempt of court, and fined accordingly.

On more than one occasion, when given a twenty-dollar gold piece for the price of a drink, they usually didn't get any change in return. If they asked for it, they were told to wait. In the meantime, the train whistle blew, and the "patron" had to run like the devil, or else miss catching his train; God forbid that they'd be stuck here in this forsaken place!

If someone tried to shortchange Bean, though, sparks flew. Once, when this happened, the train had started to depart, but Bean rushed forward, jumped on, telling the conductor to hold on for a minute, while he searched out the culprit that owed him for a drink. At the point of the drawn six-shooter the man coughed up what Bean said he owed him, and then the train went on its way.

Drunks who were unable to pay their bills, after having overextended their credit, were made to pay by painting the buildings, or by painting signs, such as the sign over the porch, "THE JERSEY LILLY—COLD BEER; LAW WEST OF THE PECOS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE." Often they found themselves tied next to Bruno, before his demise, where he was chained to a tree, just beyond the porch of The Jersey Lilly.

Roy must have had a tender streak in him, though, as he had had several pets in addition to Bruno. A mountain lion was among these; also an old burro, which he became firmly attached to.

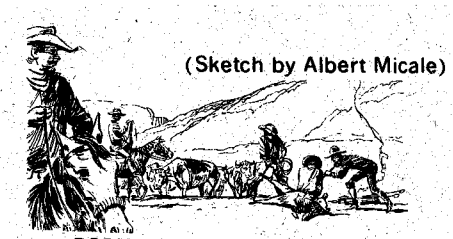
Judge Roy Bean became famous for many things, over a period of many years, but he was best known for the many "tricks" he pulled on people who were unfamiliar with his tactics. Roy was an avid reader of anything pertaining to himself; although he was *not* too proficient at reading. Rumor had it that the correspondence he conducted with Lily Langtry was actually done by Sam, his middle son. Whatever the case, Mrs. Langtry commented in her story, when it was published, of actually looking forward to hearing from Roy Bean. She had hoped the time might come when they might meet. It is doubtful that Roy ever told her of his deep feeling for her; nothing was mentioned in her narrative to indicate that he did.

Not content at being Judge, or Justice of the Peace, Roy soon was performing marriages. When these marriages failed to work out, he later divorced the couples. He even set himself up as Coroner. His usual fee for this service was $5.00, but he pocketed more when the opportunity presented itself. On one occasion, a man had fallen from a high bridge that spanned the Pecos River. In examining him, Roy found that he carried forty dollars on his person; also that he had "concealed" weapons. This was definitely against the law—therefore he was fined for the amount found on him!

When the State of Texas called for an accounting of fines collected by Roy's Court, he came up short. However, he was granted leniency, and allowed a period of time in which to make up the shortage! When the rumors reached El Paso, and Judge Falvey got wind of Roy's marrying and divorcing couples, he came to Langtry to pay Roy a visit, and to speak to him of it. When told how highly illegal it was, and the dire consequences it might bring, Roy simply ignored it, and continued his practice.

The feud between Roy and Torres lasted up to the time of Bean's death, in 1903. To Roy, it was more than a "feud"; it was really just one of his games. Roy did seem to have a genuine love for his children, and kept them with him until they were about two-thirds grown. When the profanity in the Jersey Lilly became too strong, he'd yell back to the girls to play "something pretty" on the old organ they had, in the rooms back of the bar.

It would have made a happy end to Roy Bean's story, if he had been able to see and talk to his idol, Lily Langtry, before his death, but fate decreed otherwise. Roy had been dead for a year, when Mrs. Langtry finally was able to visit the sleepy little Texas town named for her. On entering the place where Roy had held court, served drinks, and collected fines, she had to imagine how it had been. An era had ended with the passing of Judge Roy Bean, the man who had been the law west of the Pecos. •



(Sketch by Albert Micale)

## XIT, FIVE MILLION ACRES IN TWO STATES

*(Continued from page 24)*

Back in Texas, Barbeque rode up and down the wide expanse, hiring punchers and feeling in his bones that he was part and parcel of a some-day great cattle empire. He stood in his stirrups and gazed off into the greening haze. Water and grass and those hills and valleys covered with cattle. What a dream! And best of all, these dudes in Chicago had the money to back him.

Buffalo Springs seemed the ideal place for headquarters and he soon had men hired to construct buildings and get the layout ready while he went south to buy cattle.

It was not until 1885 that the big spread got its name. Ab Blocker, a huge man with a scrub brush mustache and narrow goatee, delivered a bunch of cattle to "Barbeque."

"What's your brand, Barbeque?" He asked, pushing back his mop of wiry hair.

"We haven't decided on one yet," Barbeque said.

The big Blocker laughed derisively. "Three million acres of dry land and no brand. That's a laugh."

Barbeque squatted down on his boot heels and bit the end off a black cigar. "Got any ideas?"

"Damned if I won't figure you out one," Blocker said. "You talley up the cattle here while I put my mind to figuring out some kind of brand for this outfit."

When the cattle were tallied the two men squatted in the soft sand by the creek. "You got ten counties in this spread, didn't you say?" Blocker mused.

"That's right. Over three million acres." Barbeque couldn't keep the pride out of his voice.

With his forefinger, Blocker traced a big X in the sand, then grinning broadly he traced two more letters—an I and a T. "XIT means ten in Texas, how's that?" Blocker shrugged his wide shoulders. "Surely you won't be adding any more counties. There just ain't enough.

Barbeque agreed. "XIT it's gonna be, then."

Barbeque kept riding from one end of the range to the other searching for places to sink water pipes for windmills. Cattle had to have water and sometimes they'd drill over a hundred feet before they'd find enough water.

Blizzards, prairie fires, black northers, even lightning bolts that killed many cattle were all taken as a matter of course by an old hand such as Campbell, as he raced around the giant spread, getting it in or-



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der.

Farwell and Taylor came out for an inspection visit in September and Barbeque took them to Tascosa, going by the lake.

"Taylor, I want you to look at that lake," Farwell exclaimed. "It's even better than I thought and all spring fed." Barbeque shook his head, remembering all the dry holes they'd drilled trying to find water, but he was brought up short by Farwell's next words.

"Barbeque, we're going to fence this whole three million acres. I want you to go down south and buy a hundred thousand head of cattle."

"A hundred thousand?" Barbeque swore under his breath. "And just what will they do for water? Cows need water as well as grass. The lake ain't enough for a hundred thousand head."

"You'll find it, Barbeque. I know you."

"6000 miles of barbed wire. How in hell do you think we can string it in the dead of winter?" Barbeque was fuming. These big executives thought they could snap their fingers and he would perform magic.

Farwell ignored Barbeque's protests, slapped him on the back and laughed. "You'll figure it out some way. That's for sure."

That winter was a nightmare for Barbeque, getting men to fence that gargantuan spread, but by the spring of 1889 the 6000 miles of fence was finished. It covered 4,600 square miles and in one place stretched for 150 miles straight. It became the largest fenced ranch in the world!

Not satisfied with over three million acres in Texas, Farwell began to experiment with test-feeding cattle on northern ranges from Kansas to the Black Hills. In 1890 he bought a small ranch near Miles City, Montana, then leased two million acres between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers.

The XIT spread owners now controlled over five million acres!

Barbeque started 10,000 head of cattle north that year to be readied for Chicago.

Texas cowboys learned the route from Buffalo Springs to Montana where they'd never been before and arriving there they were amazed to find hanging from the bunk house walls, fur chaps, fur caps and fur-lined vests. They learned the first winter why these items were a necessity!

On the route from Buffalo Springs to Montana, the XIT collection spot was Oklahoma's Panhandle, then known as "No-Man's Land." In 1890, those sturdy men rode 1600 miles up the trail across Colorado, Wyoming and half of eastern Montana.

The herd was split into three parts. John Carlos trailed the lead herd, Ab Owens the 2nd, and Bill Coats the 3rd. The herd was stopped at the head of Cedar Creek, Custer County, Montana, on August 1st and turned loose there.

In the spring of 1891, four herds were ready to be taken to Montana to be trailed all the way. But when they got to "No-Man's Land" the party was turned back because of no permit.

**They bought a hundred thousand head of cattle.** (Maurice Kildare)

After obtaining the permit and starting again, the herd got as far as Colorado when a blizzard hit. Texas horses and cattle were scattered for days, but finally rounded up out of canyons and coulees and arrived in Montana with practically no losses.

The Texans found that in Montana a "skiff man" was most important. That is, a man who could guide swimming herds across such streams as the treacherous Yellowstone, which was big and very swift, roaring down out of the mountains. If the herd got off to a good start, the cattle were taken in swimming water by the cowpunchers and two skiffmen could then handle them. Maybe they'd have them across in thirty minutes, but if there was a wind, it was pretty hard to get them started across.

A. L. Denby, one of the cowboys, remembers these crossings very vividly. "We would strip to our underclothes and remove our saddles and go in bareback. If a man rode a green horse that had never worked the river he was apt to go lunging and sinking instead of swimming. The 'skiffs' would have to rescue the man."

O. C. Cato, a Texan, was made manager of the Montana spread. He had to learn and his men had to learn that the range work in Montana was very different from the work in Texas. The eastern division of the general roundup started at the mouth of Custer Creek on the Yellowstone the last week in May. Sometimes there would be as many as five outfits working together. There were 125 men on circle every morning and as many as 200 at the roundup.

One man reported that he had seen an estimated 15,000 cattle on the roundup ground with five wagons working together. Each outfit would take a bunch and work and they would follow each other from one roundup to another until everybody was through. They would cut out the cows and calves into a common bunch with a couple of cowboys to hold them on water until after supper. After supper there was a branding and the roundup was rarely thrown together until 2 to 4 in the morning!

With five outfits camped along a creek, five horse herds plus the cattle grazing four or five miles on the creek it was not always easy for a new man to find his own outfit!

The Montana XIT made five shipments of two trains each with each wagon every fall. Texas cattle froze by the hundreds during the Montana winters. The terrific blizzards, leaving hip deep snow, was too much to stand for many Texas cattle. Yearlings could not get to the grass because of the deep snow and their legs would give out from trying to climb through it. Sometimes they would just give up and die.

But it wasn't all hardships and work by any means. Many an XIT hand rode all day so he could dance the night away. If a blizzard came and caught the dancers where they were, the party would last three or four days. The married women always brought plenty of cakes and doughnuts and good Java was always bubbling on the back of the big iron stove. Girls were scarce and any cowboy who could find himself a steady was looked up to. The old saying, "No cowboy could summer a girl or winter a slicker," was proven true.

The Montana XIT was doing fine despite the cold winters until sheep came into the range, and finally put the operation out of business. Texas cowboys liked to make the trek to Montana. It was a long hard trip but there were always a few days on the town before starting back.

Miles City was a typical western town where everyone carried the law on his hip. It was a wide open town with gambling, bawdy houses and saloons where trail dust could be washed down the throat in a few happy gulps and the cowboy could go on from there at his own discretion.

Montant filled the same role and Abilene and Dodge City had played in the lives of an earlier generation of Texas cowboys.

Eventually the XIT, known as the largest ranch under fence in the world, was divided into smaller ranches and became a land development syndicate. But the big "TEN-IN-TEXAS," the five million acre spread reaching up to Montana, remains a glorious memory to today's homeowner in his cramped backyard. Those were the days when "Don't fence me in" meant something! ●



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**The Good Neighbor.**



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# DISASTER IN DEATH VALLEY

*(Continued from page 11)*

thinking out thoroughly of the decision facing him. He knew of the Donner Party tragedy in the snow-choked Sierra Nevadas during the winter of '46-47. It was the outstanding reason why his and other wagon trains had searched for a westward trail by-passing the great Salt Lake region, thus avoiding a repetition of the Donner tragedy.

Almost total ignorance of what lay ahead toward the setting sun laid the foundation for the tragedy of the Bennett-Arcane Party, second to none in the history of the great American movement westward—tragedy that was so terrible in scope and horror as to almost defy description.

It was to take men and women to death with tongues so swollen from thirst that they rivalled the thickness of an arm or a leg. Voracious gnats swarmed like bees into the eyes of man and beast and devoured them—alive. Even as the horses and oxen died, the Forty Niners drained their blood and drank it.

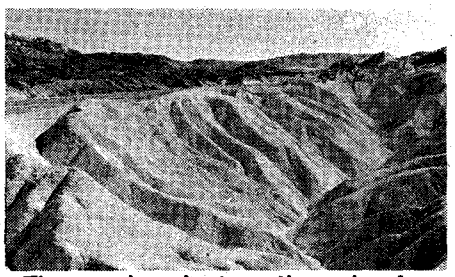
Human bones found later along the Trail of The Dead revealed gnawing, mute evidence of some cannibalism at least. The evidence was easily verified by the total absence in Death Valley of carnivorous animals, or any other kind—but man himself. Hunger and starvation vied with thirst in Death Valley. There was no escape for the Bennett-Arcane Party.

Except for John C. Fremont, Kit Carson and Captain Joseph Redford Walker, there is no reliable record of the first white men invading the Valley. Walker sought to map the area in the early 1800's.

Fremont, guided by Kit Carson, is known to have penetrated the deadly sink. How far, is unknown with any degree of certainty. They found themselves trapped by Shoshone Indians along the nearby Amaragosa River and would have been wiped out had not Captain Walker interceded with his crew of buckskinned mountain men. It was a one chance in a million rescue. All Walker ever had to say about it later was that Fremont proved to be a "miserable coward." Fremont's remarks are not known. But referring to the Amaragosa as a *River* is a misnomer, unless one has the stamina in the deadly heat to dig deep underground for it. The water is considered undrinkable.

Long before white men appeared on the American continent, Indians named Death Valley, *Tomesha*, meaning Ground Afire. It is the lowest spot in the United States, being 282 feet below sea level and containing some of the roughest, jumbled terrain in the world. In summer the heat is oven-like, bare of any living thing except when blistering winds carry in the clouds of gnats from the surrounding deserts.

A man can die of thirst in Death Valley



**The cruel rocks tore the soles from their boots.** (Div. of Mines & Geology, California State)

as he squints to the westward and sees snow-capped Mt. Whitney, the continent's tallest peak, rising 14,495 feet into the sky, offering ample pure water beyond reach, in Inyo County. Death Valley—a name given it by William Lewis Manly himself—describing what he was to later witness in the Bennett-Arcane Party, terminates on the south in a narrow defile between the Panamint Range and the Black Mountains.

• From the first moment they drove their wagons into the Valley, during Christmas week, 1849, members of the Bennett-Arcane Party, and others to follow, became aware that they had entered a hell on earth. Negotiating a steep grade they lost their freight wagon of supplies and barreled water. Thereafter, for more than three days they plodded onward, sometimes travelling no more than two or three miles from sunup until darkness. Ahead of them still lay an impassable 130 miles of sub sea level expanse, of formidable heat and forbidding terrain. To turn back would have been foolhardy, for there lay the Great American Desert, the dreaded Salt Lake desolation. It was—California or Bust! Truly the Bennett-Arcane Party found itself in hell, and roasting in their own juices.

Whatever they touched was poison!

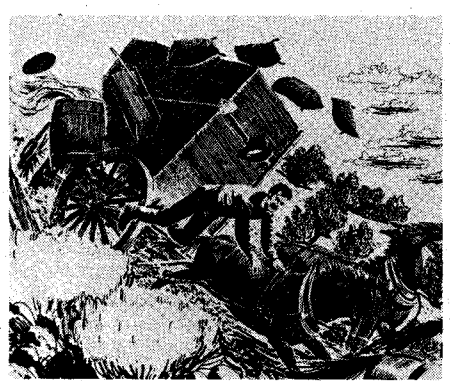
Water in the remaining barrels attached to the Conestogas soon dwindled, spoiling in the terrible heat, turning green and sickening. It was rationed until days passed without a single drop being issued. The dehydrated men, women and children became half-crazed for liquids to moisten their swollen tongues. Many wandered off in search of springs, never found, and more accessable routes westward, only to encounter mile-high mountains blocking the paths, blue with dancing heat waves. They began to move only because some hidden force compelled them to do so.

The once self-sufficient wagon train was reduced gradually to the barest essentials. The water gave out completely, the wagons emptied. They were burned, for the smoking of meat. Oxen were eaten as they fell, their blood drained until coagulation made that impossible. Meat-flesh rotted rapidly under the deadly sun. Even under that condition, every scrap was consumed. Many sickened and died of botulism. Scurvy became rampant. Pools of poison water were discovered. Those who drank from them died unspeakable deaths.

Then the party unexpectedly came upon what is known today as Furnace Creek, frequently referred to in diaries as The Valley of Burning Silence. The only food left now lay in the leather harness, oxen skins as hard as metal and—each other, should it come to that. Unquestionably some thought of it as they peered into the future, seeing the harness and hides vanish from iron pots into starving jaws.

One morning Luke Fish was startled to see a bobcat on a snaggle-toothed knoll. Perhaps it, too, had wandered into the same trap as the Forty Niners. Luke shot the animal, fought off the others to have it for himself. When it was half-cooked, he tried but could not masticate the tough fibres of its flesh. Reduced to the status of wild animals, the Forty Niners remained at Furnace Creek, fearful to leave the life-sustaining water it offered.

In that condition William Manly, John Rogers and the Jayhawkers found them later. They had decided to follow the Bennett-Arcane group, but entered Death Valley from a different direction. Accounts differ. Manly's own journals are sometimes at odds with himself, possibly due to the fact that he and his companions arrived at Furnace Creek in little better condition than the emigrants already there. Manly discovered that nine of the Forty Niners had succumbed in East Death Valley. Four others had wandered off, became lost, and perished. One man, known only as Robinson, perished within sight of deliverance near the base of the Sierra.



**The Bennet-Arcane journey started disasterously when their main supply wagon was smashed.**

Given new courage by Manley's arrival, the others looked to him now for leadership. Asa Bennett and John Arcane were reduced to mere skeletons of their former selves. No longer were they able to lead. Manly pursuaded all to follow him and his group. Their wagons still intact, they filled their water barrels and continued onward. They crossed the deadly salt flats and proceeded to a point now known as Stovepipe Wells. Suffering untold hardships, they burned the wagons and gorged on oxen flesh and blood. What remained spoiled overnight. From experience they knew death lay in the tainted flesh. In fact death lifted its ugly head in every direction.



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**Manly and Rogers decided to go for help**

Manly called a halt. He realized that it was impossible to successfully lead the emigrants to safety. But he and Rogers, young and strong, felt reasonably sure of making the trip out of Death Valley to civilization and returning with help. They were without doubt the strongest and most able to continue across Death Valley in search of assistance.

Giving most of their limited water supply to the weakest children, Manly and Rogers set out upon what was to become one of the most heroic ventures in the history of western emigration. They were unaware of it then, or cared little about it, but they were to become unsung heroes. They accomplished a journey so fraught with danger and death at every hand that it was claimed by many to be the workings of God, a Miracle of Miracles.

In a search for remnants and relics of the combined parties, this writer covered much of the trail taken by Manly and Rogers, in a car and on horseback with ample water and supplies at all times, to be sure. Negotiation in many places along the trail, even in the saddle, was impossible.

The passing of years have eliminated all traces of the path taken by the intrepid Vermonter and his friend from Tennessee. One thing is certain. They travelled frequently in circles, evidence of sun-blindness and weakness.

As soon as they overcame one mountainous barrier, they encountered another, seemingly endlessly. Sand, sun, boulders, mountains and burning skies were their lot day after day. The razor sharp outcroppings and brittle salt beds soon cut their boot soles to shreds, making every step an unbearable agony.

Following one entire day of walking, they looked back from a rise and could still see the friends they had left behind! Writing in his book, DEATH VALLEY IN '49, William Manly is extremely modest in describing his journey:

"We went down a canyon so narrow," he wrote. "that a man or a poor ox could barely squeeze through between the rocks. After a few miles we began to find the bones of animals. It puzzled us to know where they came from. As we passed along we noticed an up-grade. We were climbing again."

With each step their feet sank in soil finer than the finest flour, Manly continued. The bones were scattered over a wide area and sometimes they lay practically atop each other. Abruptly they came upon the cause. A small, azure blue pocket of water lay in a setting of vari-colored rocks. Rogers hurried forward to fill his canteen. Manly halted him. The water was deadly poison with native arsenic.

**Plenty of Water—in mirages!**

They went on, thirsting for a drink of water, anything, to slake the craving that was with them at all times. Climbing a steep mountain of red clay (now known as Manly Peak), they were able for once to scan the topography to the west and south. They gasped at the snow-crowned jewel that was Mt. Whitney to the west. To the south lay an endless desert stretching more than a hundred miles as far as they could see.

And they found it magnificent—in mirages! Over there was a huge lake of rippling water, blue as the sky. Yonder a river seemed to divide the desertlands like a ribbon of silver. They thrilled when they beheld what they thought was a large community just behind a wall of dazzling heat waves. Their hopes sank when they realized that the visions were nothing more than mirages, that phenomenon of the desert that brings forward strange sights from far away places and makes them look appealingly real, all optical illusions.

Continuing on, they soon found their canteens dry. To maintain a scant amount of saliva, they popped lead rifle balls into their mouths. It helped, a little, but was far from satisfying. Now they realized that they were encountering traces of wild shrubbery, small, emaciated like themselves, but struggling for life in a land where life indeed is an Herculean effort. There were no landmarks for them to be guided by, except those of Death Valley behind them.

Meanwhile, the Forty Niners and Jayhawkers chose not to wait entirely for help to arrive. They had little hope on that score, sure that confident Will Manly and John Rogers would perish in their efforts, or change their minds and not return at all. Others straggled out in the wake of the intrepid pair. Tragedy followed tragedy along the way.

The first to die was Luke Fish, the man who most strenuously demanded that the train take the so-called cut-off through Death Valley. Middle-aged William Isham crawled four miles on hands and knees, sobbing for water, before merciful death overtook him. At the little blue water springs, several more died, leaving their bones to mix with those of the animals.

Two of the stronger men climbed a hillcrest and gazed out over the bake-oven desertlands below. They saw a pool of water rippling invitingly in what seemed just a few hundred yards beyond. They ran, sapping their last remaining strength. When they reached the pool, it was nothing more than a pocket of mud cracked in many crazy shapes. There they died.

Another felt so tired that he decided to take just a little nap. He closed his eyes and never awoke. Death lay a horrible trail in their wake. The nightmare continued for all concerned. Tongues were blackened and enlarged, hanging out between lips that were peeled raw.

The sun blinded, the eyes swelled until they popped from their sockets, giving a ghastly appearance. Men, women and children groped their way along and perished by ones and two's, singly and in pairs. There was no hope. There was only death. Why had they been forsaken?

Time became as nothing to them. Night or day—it was hard to tell which was which, except by the few who could still see beyond their swollen tongues. Night brought little relief from the killing heat.

Fighting their way across the dunes of the Mojave Desert, Manly and Rogers began encountering strange plants with bayonet-like leaves or spines, the yucca. But they found little or no moisture in any part of them. Ghostly, misshapen growth became apparent in their dimmed vision. These were the famous Mohave Desert Joshua trees, rising like ghosts from the blistering alkaline soil. An occasional barrel cactus stood in their path. They stepped aside to avoid the murderous spines projecting from all sides.

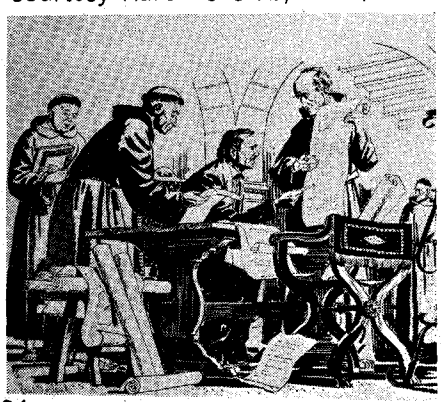
**Rescued by a Mexican Woman**

Had they known, the core of the barrel cactus would have supplied them with water. The pithy mass inside the spines contains brackish, but life-saving moisture. Easterners, Manly and Rogers were completely unaware of that. Once they saw a band of antelope racing across the desert ahead of them. Smartly, the animals turned suddenly and vanished behind their own cloud of dust. The hardy pair of would-be rescuers did not know that they were now in the Antelope Valley, part of which is becoming North Los Angeles today.

It was a completely astonished Mexican ranchero's wife who looked up from her metate at which she was grinding tortilla corn, and saw two scare-crows approaching the hacienda in San Fransisquito Canyon near Saugus.

The Mexican woman screamed, grabbed a pair of youngsters in her arms and fled to the safety of the adobe hacienda. But observing that the two men were wobbling along helplessly with no weapons in sight, she ran out to help them. At the spring along the creek nearby she gave them water. She washed the sand and gnats from their eyes and brought silence to their mumbled ramblings.

**Manly and Rogers arrived at the San Fernando Mission after walking 250 miles. The kindly friars helped organize a rescue party.** (Paul Nyeland, Courtesy Harold's Club, Reno)





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While the strange *amigos* rested with their feet in the cool water of the creek, the woman threw together all the food required to fill their empty stomachs. When her husband returned from the Mission San Fernando, he aided in annointing their bruised and calloused feet. A poor man, he could give them nothing but food and water—and a jolting ride in a *carreta* to the Mission the following morning.

There, the humble friars wined and dined the strangers and listened to their story of death and disaster in Death Valley. They drew out old maps, but shook their heads. Death Valley had never been explored by their conquistadores. But Rogers and Manly were confident they could retrace their steps—with help in transportation, food and water.

The friars were equal to the task. They threw in some of their best educated Indians to help with the rescue. Manly and Rogers wasted no time. Promptly they set out to retrace the 250 miles of mountains, desert and death. The Indians proved invaluable. They led the heroes up the Antelope Valley to today's Red Rock Canyon, then eastward to Last Chance Gulch and on into Death Valley. They knew of Death Valley. To them it was the home of the Indian Gods.

With pack mules laden down with food and skins of water, and good horses under them, Manly and Rogers, and the Indians from the Mission, made good time. Manly picked up their original trail out of Death Valley and retraced it with a gnawing apprehension. How many of their friends would they find alive?

The mission Indians were able to locate water where the easterners thought none existed for miles. The horses and pack animals drank deeply and never faltered. The Joshua trees were left behind, followed by the yucca. The verdure thinned out to nothing but sand and more sand, rising into crazy-quilted dunes to the east of Olancha.

**Survivors of the Bennett-Arcane-Manly party, possibly including Asa Bennett and J.B. Arcane.**

The Indians managed to skirt many of them, coming out on the southwestern rim of Death Valley. Here again Manly recognized his old trail. He urged his companions to greater effort. Then their fears began to materialize.

Strung out along their trail from the Valley they began encountering the bodies of their emigrant friends. Already they were little more than bare skeletal remains. Gradually they came upon the followers, their bones stripped of all but the shredded clothing hanging about them. Secretly Manly cried in silence for the two little girls who died with their arms about each other, the small boy he had jounced on his knee so briefly before his departure. Rogers said little, but his thoughts were plainly written in the lines of his sun-blackened face.

**They found the remains of Luke Fish, still clutching his rifle.**
(Paul Nyeland, Courtesy Harold's Club, Reno)

**They find the survivors**

They found the remains of Luke Fish, his ballcap rifle still in the crook of his right arm. Then Mr. Isham. Was there need to continue? They did, back-tracking toward Furnace Creek by way of Stovepipe Wells. They found tracks that led at right angles, and followed. Did more skeletons lay ahead? Manly and Rogers were jubilant at finding Asa Bennett, his wife and John Arcane alive! The three had tried to find a short cut out of Death Valley and had walked for days upon end in circles. Mrs. Bennett gave out a heart-rending sob: "They have come—the boys have returned!"

New hope sprang into their faded eyes. Asa burst into tears. So did the burly Arcane. Little Martha Bennett came out from behind her mother's full skirts. Manly thought she looked like a ghost. Then they located Mrs. Arcane. She lay behind a boulder, seeking some shade where none existed. One by one the survivors were rounded up, more dead than alive.

Just how many lived through the ordeal is controversial and too hazy to determine. The number of victims is also hazy. Some reports claim more than half. That would be in the neighborhood of one hundred or more.

Be that as it may, it was one of the most horrible disasters in western frontier history. As for Manly and Rogers, fourteen days had passed after leaving Death Valley before they reached the Mexican rancho in San Fransisquito Canyon, fourteen days of almost unbearable torture. Seven more days were spent retracing their trail back to the Forty Niners. Twenty one days in all elapsed before food and water was brought to the unfortunates in Death Valley.

It is asked how the living managed to survive twenty one days of thirst? In their wanderings trying to locate a way out of their trap they came upon a number of small springs, some poison, others pure drinking water. They cut thin strips of leather from their remaining harness and boots, and chewed upon them like jerky. Bennett killed a 30 inch chuckwalla at one of the water holes. By careful rationing they lived for almost a week on its edible flesh. Some of the animal bones lying near the little blue water spring discovered by Manly and Rogers, still contained dried slivers of flesh, sufficient for a weak broth that did not fill, but did sustain.

There were other sources of food available for those who could resort to it. Make your own guess!

The survivors reached the San Fernando Mission and settlement on March 7th, 1850, ending an adventure that will live long in western American history. •



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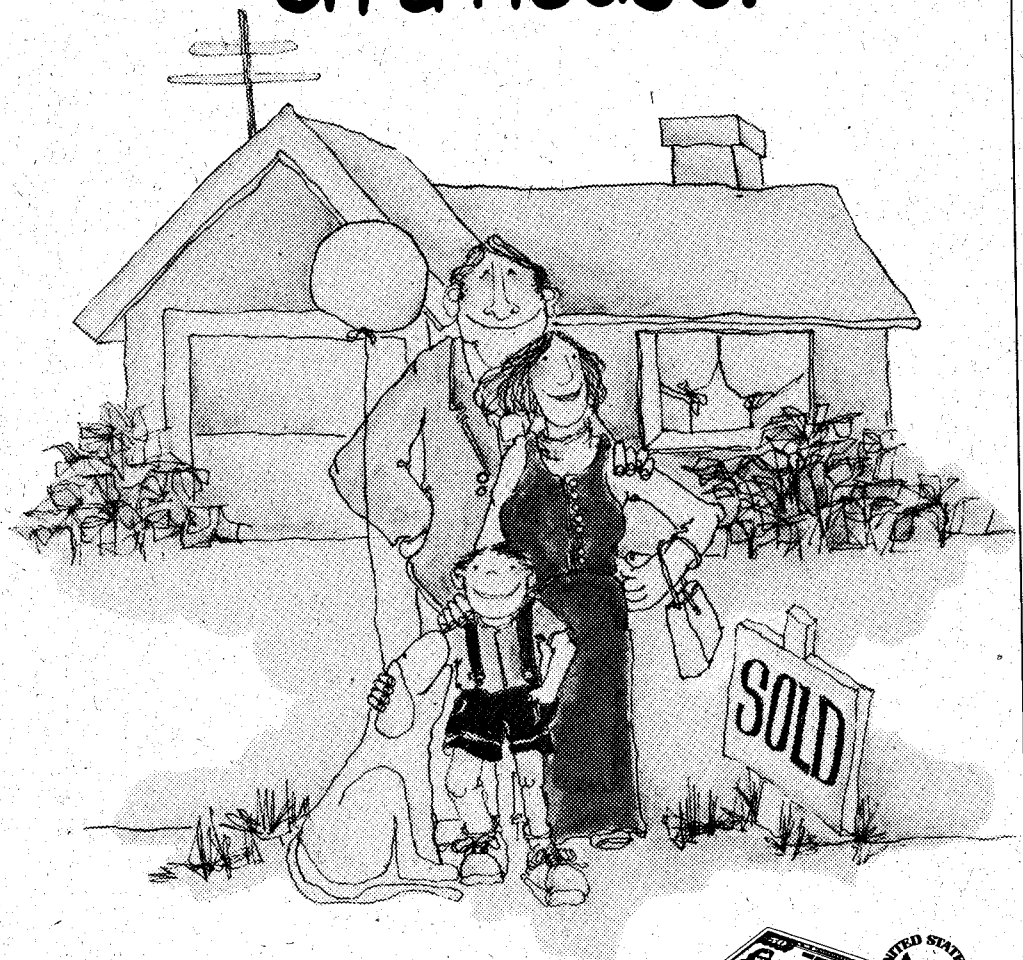


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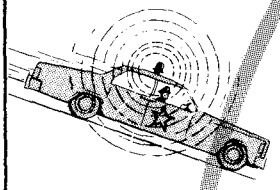

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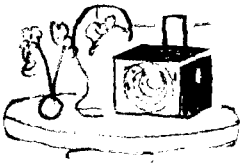

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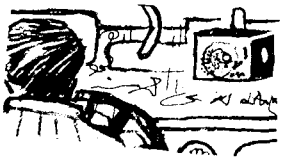

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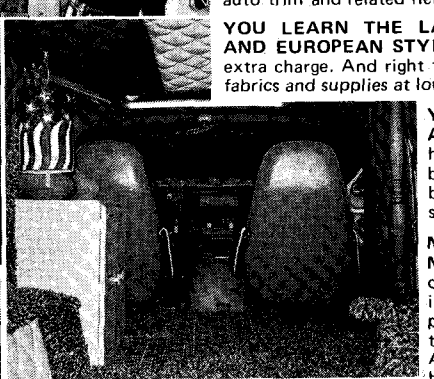

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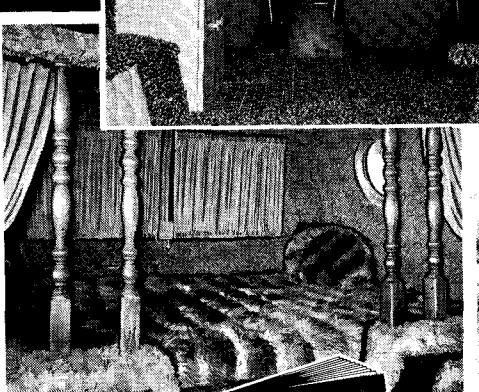

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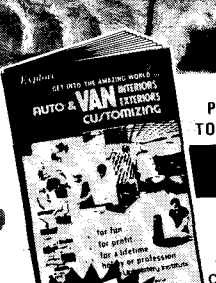


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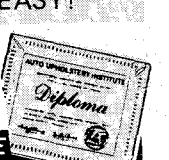


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